

THE SATURDAY

DEACON & PETERSON, PUBLISHERS.

NO. 128 SOUTH THIRD STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

EDMUND DEACON,
HENRY PETERSON, EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

EVENING POST

TWO DOLLARS A YEAR, IN ADVANCE

THREE DOLLARS IF NOT PAID IN ADVANCE.

ESTABLISHED AUGUST 4, 1821.
WHOLE NUMBER ISSUED, 1952.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 29, 1858.

BETTER THAN THEM ALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAGGIE C. HIGBY.

A moderate share of wealth is good
To cheer as on our way,
For it has oftentimes the power
To make December, May:
And so is beauty, so is health,
Or genius at our call;
But a happy, careless, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that gathers hope and faith
From every springing flower,
That smiles alike at winter storm
And gentle summer shower;
That blesses God for every good,
Or whether great or small;
Oh! a happy, hopeful, loving heart,
Is better than them all.

'Tis well to hold the hand of power,
Or wear an honored name,
And blush to hear the mighty world
Re-echo with our fame;
'Tis well if on our path the smiles
Of Kings and Nobles fall;
But to have a happy, trusting heart,
Is better than them all.

A heart that with the magic notes
Of music is beguiled;
A heart that loves the pleasant face
Of every little child;
That aches weakness in distress,
And heareth duty's call;
Oh! such a loving, human heart,
Is better than them all.

Glen-Ellen, May 3rd, 1858.

Original Novelet.

FOUR IN HAND;

THE BEQUEST.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY GRACE GREENWOOD.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year
1856, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's office
of the District Court for the Eastern District of
Penns.]

CHAPTER VII.

THE CHOICE.

Philip Coniston had "finished his course" at Oxford with credit, if not with the highest honors, and was again at Wytham Court, with his uncle and his mother.

During his last term, the young Oxonian had been obliged to tax his powers to the utmost to bring himself up in branches in which he had fallen behind, in pursuit of his darling art studies—and thus duller men gained the prize, and won the distinction which fond friends had believed within his grasp. He really earned little for the result—for his own sake, nothing, but by the ignorant wise he was accounted indolent, as well as indifferent. It was said that he had been Thompson in the peach orchard, he would not only not have taken his hands from his pockets to pluck the fruit, but not even opened his mouth to eat it, when with complaisant ripeness it tumbled from the tree.

But the time had now come when he must avow his secret passion for art, and his choice of it as a profession for which, and by which, he was to live. His uncle Hugh was aware that he was a painter of occasional landscapes,—he had done several sketches of lake-scenery for the gallery of Wytham Court, and they had been graciously accepted and extravagantly praised as the work of a clever amateur, by the generous nabob, who never suspected Philip of serious designs upon art. It was not the profession he would have chosen for the son of his gallant nephew, though indeed he knew little of painting as a calling, and would certainly have fellowshiped and honored true artists anywhere.

At length the question of what he was to do next was plainly and seriously put to Philip, in the course of a quiet, after-dinner talk, when there were no visitors and Mrs. Coniston had left the table.

"Your father's profession is of course open to you, and with the influence which I think I could command, a good commission may be procured for you. What say you to it?" said the nabob, his keen, kindly eyes fixed upon Philip.

"I thank you, dear uncle, for your kind offer, but—I pray your pardon—I have no taste for the calling. It seems to me that the army has in a great measure lost its old, honorable, chivalric character, and is fast becoming the last resort of insincerity and profigacy—the profession of snobs, more than of gentlemen. The inventions of modern warfare—the monstrous engines of destruction with which men now contend like a race of Titans, lessen fearfully the chances for heroic deeds and knightly distinction. The time is doubtless coming when war will be merely a mechanic art, and the soldier a mere engineer. And then, to confess the truth, I doubt I am incapacitated for the profession, by a peculiar physical weakness, which used to distract my brave father, and which I have vainly striven to overcome. I have a deadly horror of blood—not alone of shedding it, but of the sight of it. I cannot see the

slow drops ooze from the breast of a pheasant, without sickness, and only last fall, when I was pursued to join a hunt in Scotland, I actually, and to my eternal discredit, fainted at seeing the red wash, and bearing theullen gurgle from the throat of a noble stag—though the beautiful hand of a beautiful woman held the knife."

"Because, rather than in spite of that fact, I should say. Ugh, the thought of it gives me a turn!"

"Perhaps so—but there was no question about the swoon—and after such an experience, I am sure you will admit that to conceal myself shall I call it?—cowardice of the nerves, were a weakness yet more contemptible."

"Certainly, for that were moral cowardice, without a doubt. There is a wide difference between a physical antipathy of this kind and politeness. But I must say, my boy," added the merchant, with a sly smile, "that if this horror of blood really troubles you, I would advise you, by all means, to join our army—the Guards, for instance. You could so be more safe from the sight of it. But let this pass. To speak truth, I have little desire to see you a 'soger,' that creature of the state, that galley-slave of Glory, liable at any time to be banished to the jungles of India, or like your poor father, to the savage wilds of America—or sent campaigning among the pestilences and barbarisms of the South Seas, or thrust away into some lonely African station—an exile which is like being swum over the edge of the planet, or plunged into chaos. Beside, our army is large enough—our scarlet coats reddening the world like a perpetual sunset. What say you to the Law?"

"Why that," said Philip, "to use a like poetical comparison, blackens the world like a perpetual thunder-cloud—the exhalations of human crime and wrong. It is, of all professions, the one most distasteful, most detestable to me. To be an advocate, is to hold one's self in readiness to prevaricate, plot and lie—to gild falsehood and to blacken truth—to plead against innocence, as well as to lay cunning snares for guilt—to palliate vice, defend crime, and establish injustice. In donning the judicial robes one must prepare to lay aside the most generous sympathies of humanity—for the judicial wig and black cap, to lay down the crowning virtues of the Christian—mercy and charity. Is it not so? Is not our cumbersome and complicated legal system the most monstrous result and penalty of our civilization? Are not our Courts of Chancery worse than the Inquisitions of Spain and the Councils of Venice?—prolonging, as they do, indefinitely, the agonies of their victims—mocking with vain hopes, and maddening with delays?"

"Well, you put it rather strong—you make our law to be, instead of a broad-winged Protection, brooding over society, a very ugly sort of vampire, fattening on its blood."

"Precisely."

"Spoken like a poet, in the down of youth and the bonds of Shelley. Well, what next? you have rejected the casket of gold, and the casket of silver,—but the one of lead remains. I perceive by the high moral sentiments and conscientious scruples you express, that you are inclined to the clerical profession. I did not expect it. I must confess, but I am willing to give you a lift into a living, if it be in my power."

Philip blushed, and hastened to reply.

"You mistake, sir—I have no inclination toward the church. I am not fitted for the 'high profession spiritual!'"

"ounds, young man!" exclaimed Mr. Coniston, losing his temper at last. "You carry matters with a high hand. Better men than you have belonged to the clergy, I can tell you, sir!"

"Granted, my dear uncle, over and over again," replied Philip, laughing. "It is my honest reverence for the profession which is most in the way of my adopting it. I think that only great goodness and purity of heart, great strength and elevation of character, an abundant measure of hope, courage, and divine self-immolating charity fit one for that mission of love and good works in which Christ and the Apostles led the way."

"Ah, I see you are thinking of primitive Christianity, of the ideal priesthood, not of our church and its—it—beneficiaries."

"Now seems change tout cela!"

"But perhaps you are right. On the whole, I think you are, as you doubtless know best your own weakness and worthiness. If the cloth be dishonored, I wouldn't like you to do it. Now what else? Has the gentle art of healing any charms for you? Has Hygeia in 'gathering simples,' taken you captive? Have you compounded with Galen? But no, your horror of blood would come in here—unless, indeed, you should join the innumous new school of that German mystic of medicine, Hahnemann. What's left? For Trade, I can myself see that you are woefully unfitted. You have, perhaps, neither the head, heart, nor body for the calling. Mercury would forever slip out of your grasp, without leaving a gift. So, what is left?—The Navy!—Diplomacy!—Politics!"

"I pray your mercy, no. The naval code is one unmitigated, unhumanizing oppression—ships of war are floating Newgates and chambers of torture. For the next proposition, I am as little fitted to figure at courts, as at the bar, or in the pulpit. Diplomacy is the calling of a butterfly, or a ferret. The diplomatist is but a higher sort of flunkey, or detective. As for the politician, he is only a desperate gambler, playing for power, with human liberties and rights. No—I have already chosen my pro-

fession, taken it, wived it, for better, or for worse." It is Art. I would be a painter—nothing but a painter, Uncle Hugh."

Mr. Coniston looked at his nephew in wide-eyed astonishment, and uttered a breathless "God bless me!" After a moment's pause, he continued:

"Art! art! do you really expect to get on in the world by that?"

"I hope so, sir. I hope, at least, to get my living by painting."

"And a pretty living it is likely to be! I like fine pictures as well as any man, but I consider the making of them, as a profession, next to verse-making, which is next to nothing. Paint pictures colored like the rainbow, and enough of them to fill its arch, and it will not advance you in the world of men a step toward honor or power."

"Guido, Raphael, Titian, Buonarroti did not

find it so, and I am sure to hear you, the most worldy of men, arguing against the art they glorified, and were glorified by."

"There you are again! going back to the old masters, as just now you went back to Christ and the Apostles. I tell you it is different now—shamefully different. I am not speaking of things as they should be, but as they are. In our utilitarian age and country, Art is undergoing a Babylonian captivity, robbed of its old honor and state. Time was when artists were the flattered guests of kings and the companions of Popes—when wealth rained on them in a Dianna shower from the hands of the great. Now, rich parvenus look askance at them, and they sit below the salt at the tables of our insular nobility. Even our dilettanti young lords and fine ladies who dabble in paint, refuse to fellowship the masters of modern British Art—and our sweet young Queen (whom God save!) provides for them a second table, when they wait on her at Windsor, to execute her royal commands. It is better on the Continent—in France especially, but even there, they have outlived the spirit of the time when their princely prince graced his royalty by picking up and returning old Titian's mall-stick, and by pillowing on his breast the head of the dying Leonardo. With us it is the rule, peculiarly, I think, in regard to the landscape painter, that while his genius brightens the homes of the rich and the great, and lives along their walls in perpetual summer, the artist sits in the shadow of neglect and poverty."

"If you had made choice of portraiture, your prospects would have been somewhat brighter, for human vanity can always be depended on for obeying the primal command, upon canvas or in marble; beauties and little great men never get enough of themselves in this way. But as it is, I must say your 'divine Art' is a boggarly profession."

"Well, Uncle Hugh, if it be,—and I grant

there is some truth in what you say of it, and of the unworthy estimation in which it is held,—the more bravery and disinterestedness in embracing it. I do not count its helping me on in the world to any estate of luxury or power—to any height of social distinction—but the simple truth is, *I love it*, with all the strength of my nature, with at least all the passion of my intellect, and that love is its own exceeding great reward." Better failure and poverty with my art, than success and wealth without it."

"Ah, so you say now—but no man knows even the little world of himself, at twenty-two. Yet I see it is useless to argue with you. You are as completely set as the monument. And perhaps I have been weak in cherishing for you impracticable worldly hopes and projects. I wanted you to be all I might have been, and more. I wanted you to be a distinguished man, Philip—eunuch truly the name of Coniston: not only an honorable character, but by great words, or deeds. You need not laugh! My plans were not very definite, I confess, and such as they were, it is useless to dwell on them now. I really thought you uncommonly clever, and believed you able to command a great destiny, by the mastership of genius, in some way; and perhaps, after all, you have chosen the right way. What does your guardian, Sir Ralph, say to it?"

"Oh, he objected, of course, in his cold, su-

pernal way: but did not offer to assist me in any other profession. His guardianship, or patronage, expired by limitation, the day I left Oxford."

"Ah, yes. Well, what says your mother?"

"She was disappointed and troubled at first,

but has become quite reconciled. Doubtless she already sees in her boy a formidable rival of Rembrandt and Claude."

"Well, if she consents, I yield. Where do you intend to establish yourself?"

"In London at first—chiefly for the sake of the studies in the galleries there."

"Oh, of course,—all young adventurers, from

Dick Whittington, or up, to Chatterton,

must go to London to seek their fortunes. But

while you are in the witness-box, one more question: Have you any claim on the house of Baring Brothers?"

"None whatever," replied Philip, coloring painfully. "I have, of course, no money of my own, but my mother has a small sum laid by from her pension, which—"

"Which you shall not accept from her. I insist on being your banker, for the present, at least. When you get those orders for the Corridor at Windsor, you can repay me, you know.

On what sum can you live respectably for a year, independent of the possible sale of your works?"

"I think, sir, I could live upon an hundred pounds very well."

"You are disposed to be very frugal. I like

it, but nevertheless I will provide you with double that sum, and you must promise to let me know if this be found insufficient, for you must not be driven, by necessity, in the shape of a landlord or tailor, to sacrifice any of those pictures which are to be—those delicious moonlight scenes which glimmer in your dreams—those fiery sunsets you burn to paint. When do you wish to go?"

"At once—to-morrow, if you will permit."

"Oh, no, not so soon. I look for your cousin Vesta Lancaster shortly. You will stay to see her, surely?"

"Pardon. I think I had better not delay entering upon my work. If Miss Lancaster comes, you can well spare me; my place will be more than filled, and, for various reasons, I had better go at once."

"Ah, well," replied the nabob, some idea of Philip's heart affair, for the first time, flashing across his mind, "as I have begun to give way to you this morning, I suppose I must let you go to London as soon as you will, provided you promise to come back to me at the end of the year, and report frankly just how you get on with your divine mistress, and how you like her upon a closer acquaintance. If your passion continues undiminished, we'll have you married to her in form, and handsomely established: till then, we must consider you as only

brothel-keepers."

"My dear uncle, I have no words to thank you for your great kindness."

"Then don't try, my dear boy—only follow out the bent of your genius to your heart's content, take care of yourself and be as happy as you can, in your art-exile. And look here, my dear fellow, whether thou put money in thy purse," and R. A. after thy name, or no, put flesh on thy bones, if possible, and above all, put off that confounded consumptive stoop."

When Hugh Coniston took leave of his nephew, he placed in his hand a small sealed packet, which Philip opened in the carriage that conveyed him to the station. He found it to contain several letters of introduction to people of distinction in London—bank-notes for two-hundred pounds, and a brief letter of kindly advice.

"In regard to art, Mr. Coniston wrote:—Don't study Claude too much, if you mean to paint English landscapes. He is the most seductive of painters. His coloring intoxicates like wine,—but his voluptuous golden atmosphere is foreign to us—and I think unspeakable by us. All the imitations I have seen have a sickly, sultry tone, instead of that fine aerial gold which bathes his pictures."

"It was better worth your while to study our own Turner. He interprets the genius of the North. You remember that simple landscape in the library. That to me contains the soul of an English summer—is an epitome of all Nature. A small stream—a rustic bridge, a few trees, a bit of sky, a mossy stone or two, are all the show it makes, but there is infinitely more in it than is painted. The water drips and gurgles, the trees seem painted down to the heart—the sky up to the stars—your eye sinks deep into the soft green of the moss; and then, through that faint, transparent haze, the ghost of a northern mist, the whole picture is as deliciously cool as the lap of a dell on Windermere."

"Turner's pictures are to me the most real things in modern art:—not because they are the most close and cunning copies of Nature in its every-day aspects and actualities—but because they are unerringly true to its primal principles. Turner deals with the essence of Nature, and his pictures, like free translations, are often true to the spirit of the original, when departing most widely from forms and overlooking details. Study him all you will,—but above all, keep clear of the Dutch school. That is not art, but mimicry."

Philip's life in London was one of profound and uninterrupted devotion to his art. He lived obscurely and frugally, on less than the limited allowance of his uncle—he presented no letters, sought the acquaintance of no artists, and visited no studios, though he frequented all the galleries to which he had access. Fuseli was no longer painting his weird, tremendous pictures, but Martin was evolving from the seething elements of his genius, his vague vastnesses, his grandeur and terrors and destructions, his mighty heavens and Miltonic hells. Haydon was wielding his titanic brush, Turner tumbling real waves across the canvas, painting the earth as "good" as God left it; and the transcendental skies; and Wilkie making the great world weep and laugh with homely, peasant griefs and joys. But Philip, who might have known all these, sought none of them. He was a man of few words, low with awe and sorrow—then silently passed out. All the servants were observed to be in tears. One of these, a hard, strong man, who had been rescued from ways of sin and wretchedness by the pure human kindness and faith of his master, now knelt at his bedside, kissed his hand and wept over it, like a grieved child, or a sinful woman.

It was evident that the dying man knew them all, though his soul, bound and imprisoned in silence, "gave no sign," save through the eye, which looked benedictions and farewells. Mr. Coniston, Philip and Vesta, were all with him during the greater part of the day, dying with one another in gentle and loving ministrations.

Once, as the young artist and his cousin were standing together at the bedside of the beloved old man, he looked from Philip to Vesta, and from Vesta to Philip, with tenderness and a meaning which transcended all words. It was a look which each felt profoundly, sounding

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MAY 25, 1858.

All the Contents of THE POST are set up
Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not
a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of THE POST is \$5 a year
in advance—served in the city by Cramers—40 cents a
single number.

Persons residing in BRITISH NORTH AMERICA
must remit TWENTY-FIVE CENTS in addition to
the subscription price, as we have to pay the United
States postage.

THE POST is believed to have a larger country sub-
scription than any other literary weekly in the Union
without exception.

THE POST, it will be noticed, has something for
every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gen-
tlemen of the family may all find in it ample pages
something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Book numbers of THE POST can generally be ob-
tained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer.

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot
undertake to return rejected communications. If the
article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making
a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—THE POST is an admir-
able medium for advertisements, owing to the great circu-
lation, and the fact that only a limited number are given.
Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and
other matters of general interest are preferred. For
rates, see head of advertising column.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

WAR PAGE. We have not the papers desired.

Respectfully declined:—"Lines to a Young
Lady;" "A Sunset View;" "Remembrance;"
"Life;" "The Barque of Love;" "Stray
Thoughts."

THE LAST EXCITEMENT.

The reports brought by various American
vessels in relation to visits—some of a compul-
sory character—from British cruisers, off the
coast of Cuba, have created much excitement,
judging from the inflammatory tone of many of
our editorial brethren. War is already freely
alluded to as a probable result, and the annexa-
tion of Cuba as a not very improbable corollary.
For ourselves, finding as we do an occasional
streak of gray in our hair and whiskers, we
feel it best to take such matters a little more
easily and deliberately—and to wait until we
have investigated somewhat the state of the
facts, before "flying off the handle" of our re-
cent good feeling towards our English cousins.
The Scriptures incalculable the duty of "being
slow to wrath," and such slowness, although it
may seem almost unpardonable to some of our
"fast men" in this "fast age," still strikes us
as being conformable to the dictates of true
worldly wisdom, as well as of Revelation.

It is evident so far, in reading the various
statements and articles of the daily press, that
two subjects are almost invariably confounded
by our people—we allude to the Right of Visi-
tation and the Right of Search. The Right of
Search, under suspicious circumstances, is, we
believe, a disputed principle of that rather un-
certain code, the Law of Nations. Several
of our statesmen, occupying high official po-
sitions, have, on various occasions, taken
strong ground against any exercise of the Right of
Search, under any circumstances. But the
nation, speaking through its authorized repre-
sentatives, has never, if we are correctly in-
formed, taken ground against the Right of
Search in itself—so much as against its ex-
ercise to attain certain ends which were consider-
ed of themselves violations of the laws of na-
tions. For instance, in the second war with
Great Britain, that power claimed the Right to
search American vessels, in order to ascertain
whether any sailors were aboard who owed al-
legiance, as we considered it, to the British
crown. The English sailors, many of them,
preferred the American service—and England
claimed the right to search even our national
vessels, examine into the nativity of the men,
and carry off all deserters from her own mar-
ine. Against the Right of Search for such an
object, the second war with Great Britain was
fought—and although England did not formally
renounce her obnoxious claim in the Treaty of
Peace, she has ever since renounced the prac-
tice so far as we were concerned. Against any
renewal of such a practice, she would find the
United States banded as one man.

But the Right of Visitation is a very different
thing from the Right of Search. As the ocean
belongs to nobody in particular, but to every-
body in general, no one nation can be authorized
to take measures for the suppression of piratical
offences, to the exclusion of the rest of the
world. Therefore, all pirates, of whatever na-
tion, have been held to be outlaws, to be sum-
marily dealt with by the armed vessels and
legal authorities of whatever power might be
able to apprehend them. But a pirate does not
confuse himself to his own blood-red flag—he
uses the flag of any nation, as may befit his
turn. Supposing therefore an American cruiser
learns that some piratical craft is committing
great depredations and heinous outrages in a
certain neighborhood. She sails there—ad-
cruising about, spies at length a suspicious ves-
sel, but with the Spanish flag flying. If she
has no right to order that suspicious vessel
to be to, until she can be visited, and her pa-
per examined, to see whether she have, or
have not, right to use the flag in question,
what folly it would be to attempt to capture a
pirate at all. Any suspicious customer would
have nothing to do but to raise some flag
which she would be morally certain could have
no cruiser in the vicinity—some Prussian,
Italian or Austrian flag, for instance—and she
would go scot-free. In fact, to totally deny the
Right of Visitation, would be to give the wide
ocean up to piracy and murder.

That it is often unpleasant for an innocent
captain to be visited at sea, to ascertain whe-
ther he is an honest trader or not, is doubtless
true. It is unpleasant on land, for an innocent
individual to be arrested on suspicion of having
committed some grave offence, and perhaps be
further subjected to grievous expense and even
imprisonment, before his innocence is estab-
lished. Many unpleasant things have to be sub-
mitted to honest men—or else rogue be al-
lowed to commit crime with impunity.

But though the Right of Visitation seems to us

an undeniable right, the Visitor of course must
exercise his right with all due care, respect, and
courtesy. Neither must he use said Right
unjustly, to annoy vessels the character of
which he well knows without a visit. He
must be able to show probable grounds of sus-
picion, or else his visit, instead of a Right, is
an injury and an insult. To determine there-
fore, the character of any disputed Visitation,
requires an accurate ascertainment of the true
facts of the case.

To return to the Right of Search. Our read-
ers will see at once, how it often would naturally
grow out of the Right of Visitation. A
vessel supposed to be piratical is visited—but
papers are produced, apparently showing her
to be an honest trader, engaged in lawful com-
merce. But said papers themselves may have a
suspicious aspect. Therefore it is urged, by those
who contend for the Right of Search, that it
would be ridiculous to allow such a vessel to
pass under her forged or fraudulent papers,
when a ten minutes' examination of the vessel
herself, would decide beyond all doubt whether
she was what her papers represented her to be,
or a piratical craft, carrying no freight save a
numerous crew, with cutlasses, boarding-pikes
and cannon. In fact, so strong is this argument,
based upon a practical, common-sense view of
the case, that we doubt whether the Right of
Search would ever have been called in question,
had it not been for its being coupled, as in
the case of our dispute with Great Britain in
1812, with other doctrines and practices of the
most unbearable and unjustifiable character.

As it is, the Right of Search is naturally
odious to American ears; and, therefore, when
the question of the suppression of the Slave
Trade came up, our Government agreed to
keep a sufficient force on the coast of Africa to
do the police-work of those seas on all vessels
bearing the American flag, without any assist-
ance from the British cruisers. Under that
agreement, the British have, we believe, confined
themselves to the Right of Visitation, so far as
suspicious vessels carrying the American flag
were concerned, in order to see whether the
papers of said vessels were apparently right,
without any attempt at making a further inves-
tigation into their character. And, so far as
we have noticed, in the recent occurrences off
the coast of Cuba, no attempt to search an
American vessel has been made. The disputed
point of the Right of Search in the case of a
supposed slaver, has been virtually yielded by
England, so far as the United States is con-
cerned. In the case of a supposed piratical
vessel, we believe no agreement has yet been
made.

If the Right of Visitation—unobjectionable
as it is in itself, and absolutely necessary as we
have shown it to be, for the safety of the sea—
be used, however, in a wanton, unnecessary and
disconcerting manner—and it is thus alleged to
have been recently used by the British cruisers
—it of course may become, like any other
practice, highly offensive and objectionable.
We are pleased, therefore, that our government
has taken immediate steps to call the attention
of the English Ministry to this matter. Even
the shaking of hands, an act of greeting and
amity, may be performed in such a manner as to
become an injury and an insult. And it may
be that some English officials, not particularly
well-affected to the United States, are taking
an advantage of their instructions which their
superiors had not dreamed of. If so, the sooner
the matter is brought before the attention of
those high in power, the better for the good
understanding of the two countries. In the
meantime, by repressing the fires of our wrath
a little, we shall have a larger supply left, if
the emergency should prove to be such that
nothing will satisfy it, but to

"Cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war!"

HOT BREAD.

Dr. John S. Bunting, after experimenting
with the famous Alexis St. Martin—who,
owing to a bullet wound, has a hole in his
stomach through which all the processes of
digestion can be observed—writes as follows
relative to hot bread:—

"Hot bread never digests. Bear this in mind,
reader, if you are accustomed to eat the light
and tempting biscuits at tea, or the warm loaf
which looks so appealing upon your dinner-
table. Hot bread never does at all; after a
long season of tumbling and working about in
the stomach, it will begin to ferment, and it will
eventually be passed out of the stomach as an
unwelcome tenant of that delicate organ, but
never digested—never assimilated or
absorbed by the organs that appropriate it
to the body. It is a first rate dyspepsia
producer. The above is truth, as it has been
repeatedly proved from actual observation
through the side of Alexis St. Martin."

We think that the evidence relied on by Dr.
Bunting, though certainly very strong, is not
entirely conclusive. For we all know that a
given article of food may disagree with one man
very much, and yet agree perfectly with
another. Now there is a possibility that Mr.
St. Martin's stomach may differ from the
stomachs of men in general, so far as hot bread,
and certain other articles of diet, are concerned.
It seems to us that if it were true of all men,
that their stomachs could digest "light and
tempting biscuits," "warm loaves," &c., "at
all," that such things would be far less popular
than they are for the table. There are men
who cannot eat such simple articles as apples,
strawberries, &c., without very unpleasant
consequences—and yet it would not follow from a
glance into their stomachs, that apples and
strawberries disagreed with everybody. Dr.
Bunting must be careful not to rear too wide
an edifice of conclusion upon such a narrow
base as one man's digestion, else the whole may
tumble over.

THE pigeon-roost in Decatur county, Indiana,
extends over a distance of twenty-eight miles.
It is about fourteen miles wide. The birds
have not nested at this roost for thirty years
until this spring. Over this vast expanse of
country every tree has from ten to fifteen nests,
and every nest at least one bird. The young
are now hardly able to fly, and the shooting is
more plentiful. The old birds leave early in
the morning in search of food, and return in
the evening.

We trust the above sprinkling of pigeons
will remain in Indiana until it is ascertained
whether the Texas grasshoppers, or rather
locusts, are coming up this way. We know no
better remedy for one plague than the other.

THE MORMONS.

The news from Utah to the effect that
Brigham Young had abdicated his usurped
Governorship, and that Governor Cummings
had been invited to Salt Lake City for the
purpose of exercising his official functions, ap-
pears to be confirmed, though the Government, as
we write this, has received no reliable information
to that effect. It is generally understood that
the arrangement that has been made, whatever it
may prove to be, is the work of Col. T. L. Kane, of this city—a brother
of Dr. Kane—who visited the Mormons some
years since at Nauvoo, and sympathized with
their reputed injuries very warmly. In fact, a
correspondent of the *Washington Union*, goes
so far as to say that Col. Kane is himself a
Mormon—a statement which we take it for
granted is erroneous. In relation to this
whole matter, the *Washington Union* says, in a
recent editorial:—

"It is highly necessary to say that we distrust
the telegraph news, which announces the cap-
tulation of the Mormons, and the establishment of
a peace in Utah. It is not improbable that Mr.
Kane, who is but a private person, having no
commission of any sort from the Government,
has succeeded, through his mysterious personal
relations with the Mormons, in inducing that
people to invite Governor Cummings to Salt
Lake City, and to recognize the official auth-
ority. If this be so, and Governor Cummings
has actually proceeded to the Mormon City,
some armistice or truce may have already result-
ed from his presence in the city; but it is also
quite improbable that the war has come to an
abrupt termination announced by the telegraph.
These alices, through private channels, it
must be remembered, are unaccompanied, as
usual, by concurrent advices through official
channels; for no confirmation has been received
of them by the Government.

The late period of the session of Congress
and the effect which some news might naturally
have upon bills before that body making pro-
vision for prosecuting the military operations in
Utah, furnishes an additional reason to distrust
this suspicious news, and for exercising great
caution with respect to all advices of the same
character which reach here at this time through
Mormon channels.

The Washington correspondent of the *North
American*, of this city, says, relative to Col.
Kane's visit to Utah:—

"When Col. Kane determined to visit that
territory, he came to Washington, and informed
the President of his purpose, but without
developing any plan, or expecting any agency.
The President strove to dissuade him from the
self-imposed peril of such a journey, but finding
him resolute in the intention, he then gave
him a general letter of consideration, which
was intended to secure the recognition of the
officers of Government where he might go, and
the protection if necessary, in the event of danger.
It was nothing more than an expression of
personal courtesy and attention. Considering
the relations which formerly subsisted between
Col. Kane and some of the Mormon
leaders, it is not improbable if any arrangement
had been effected, as the telegraph reports,
that he had been serviceable and instru-
mental in achieving it. But not being in the
employment of Government in any capacity
whatever, no intelligence has been received
from him, and none is expected.

It is probable that the exact nature of the
arrangement that has been made, will not be
known until the return of Col. Kane, which
may be before many days. But we are glad to
see it stated, that, in no event, will the advance-
ment of the troops upon Salt Lake city be counter-
manded. It is designed, it is said, to establish a
military depot at that place, with a sufficient
number of men to protect the em-
igrants on their passage across the plains, and
to insure the respect of the Indian tribes.

If the Mormons have resolved to submit to
the laws of the United States, the presence of
a military force will be rather welcome to them
than otherwise, on account of the distribution
that it will cause of more or less of Uncle
Sam's borrowed money among them—while, if
their present action be merely designed as a
ruse, and their rebellious spirit be as fierce and
strong as ever, Governor Cummings will need

something more than a "posse comitatus" to
force the first year of his administration is over.
For these reasons it is to be hoped that Con-
gress will authorize the necessary outlays
for the continuance of the military operations
in that section, in case they should be re-
quired, without regard to the tenor of these
recent advices.

HORSE TAMING.

The *Scientific American* proposes the following
"new" system of taming—though it is not
entirely new even to the Atlantic public, as it
was recommended in the papers many years
ago. Mr. Barey is said to be making his
fortune by his system, which he does not hesitate
to admit has for its key some secret process,
though he denies that any of the gurus made
have disclosed the truth. The *American* says:—

"This new system of taming is founded on
the well known process employed in subduing
captive and wild horses taken by the lasso,
and consists in simply gradually advancing to
ward the horse to be subdued, until you are
able to place your hand on the animal's nose
and over his eyes, and then to breathe strongly
and gently, as judgment may dictate, into the
nostrils. The horse will follow the heft of your
breath, and the saddle will be easily mounted.
The Indian's secret of taming the wild horses of
the prairies, and that it is invariably attended with
success. It is mentioned by him that it is
breathing, not blowing, into the nostrils that
is to be performed, and that it ought to be
done with a steady and even breath."

Spreading of the astonishing power thus ex-
hibited over wild animals, Catlin says:—

"I have often, in concurrence with a known
custom of the country, held my hands over the
eyes of a buffalo calf, and breathed a few strong
breaths into his nostrils, and he would stand
still, not only when and where, but why they
were committed, and now far they have palliation
how far they deserve pardon."

"Remember also when you judge me that of
all living men has been almost the most un-
happy. No counsellor, no friend, no country
has been mine for six-and-twenty weary years.
Every hope has broken down under my foot as
soon as it touched it. Every spark of happiness
has been quenched as soon as it has been lit."

"If I have sinned much and sorrowed much,
I have also loved much—more perhaps than I
have either sinned or sorrowed. It is the last
drop that overflows the golden bowl, the last
tension that breaks the silver cord. My last
hope is gone—my last love and my life go to-
gether and so go—dreadfully."

Mr. Herbert left a letter addressed to the
Press, asking its "silence," and not to be
"misrepresented and maligned." He says:—

"I ask no praise—do not praise me—
probably I deserve none. I deserve reproach—
for I am mortal and have sinned—say so
then of me, if you say anything, and let my sins
tell, not only when and where, but why they
were committed, and now far they have palliation
how far they deserve pardon."

"If I have sinned much and sorrowed much,
I have also loved much—more perhaps than I
have either sinned or sorrowed. It is the last
drop that overflows the golden bowl, the last
tension that breaks the silver cord. My last
hope is gone—my last love and my life go to-
gether and so go—dreadfully."

He did not, however, so far as we are concerned,
say so much as in her lies, to make this
world quite a paradise, seeing that she lost us
the original garden. We talk as philosophers,
and when all is said and done about what we
ought to do, we must still do it.

"I told you I would do it." He sank down,
and after a few groans expired.

Mr. Herbert left a letter addressed to the
Press, asking its "silence," and not to be
"misrepresented and maligned."

He did not, however, so far as we are concerned,
say so much as in her lies, to make this
world quite a paradise, seeing that she lost us
the original garden. We talk as philosophers,
and when all is said and done about what we
ought to do, we must still do it.

"I told you I would do it." He sank down,
and after a few groans expired.

Mr. Herbert left a letter addressed to the
Press, asking its "silence," and not to be
"misrepresented and maligned."

He did not, however, so far as we are concerned,
say so much as in her lies, to make this
world quite a paradise, seeing that she lost us
the original garden. We talk as philosophers,
and when all is said and done about what we
ought to do, we must still do it.

"I told you I would do it." He sank down,
and after a few groans expired.

Mr. Herbert left a letter addressed to the
Press, asking its "silence," and not to be
"misrepresented and maligned."

He did not, however, so far as we are concerned,
say so much as in her lies, to make this
world quite a paradise, seeing that she lost us
the original garden. We talk as philosophers,
and when all is said and done about what we
ought to do, we

LETTER FROM PARIS.

A PREP AT NORMANDY—DIEPPE—ROUEN—FRANCE IN A PET—WHAT A BRITISH GOVERNMENT WOULD FIND IT HARD TO DO—A NEW METHOD OF SMUGGLING—THE EMPEROR AND THE POET.

Paris, April 29, 1858.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

Never having visited Normandy—so famous for the richness of its pastures, and the superior size of its trees—I determined, on leaving London a few days ago, to return to Paris by way of Newhaven and Dieppe, in order to see this fine old province, and to get a look at the ancient churches of Rouen, which are among the most interesting antiquities of France.

Dieppe has grown, of late, into a fashionable watering-place, and boasts a population of 25,000 souls, principally English. A great influx of visitors takes place during the summer months, principally English also. The old town and harbor are ugly enough, but the new town, fronting the magnificent beach, consists of good, substantial, modern houses, principally hotels, which rear ample a harvest during the few fashionable months that their owners will hardly give themselves the trouble to quarter travelers during the rest of the year. Of the way in which the itinerant British are fêted by their smiling allies, some idea may be formed from the fact that Lord and Lady Lyndhurst, who, with their niece and a few servants, were there last autumn for the benefit of Lord Lyndhurst's health, paid \$100 a week for their rooms, the latter, though neat and comfortable, being anything but splendid, or even handsome. Add to this fundamental extortion in the charge of rooms, the corresponding "rice" of every species of provision, cab hire, &c., during the "season," and the thirty millions among your readers may compute, for their own edification and amusement, what must be the average outlay at such a place for a family desirous of profiting by the invigorating influences of the air of the French coast!

Just now, however, you may have rooms in the desolated hotels for almost what you choose to offer; excellent meat at 15 cts. per lb., and delicious butter at 18 cts. But the beach, with its glorious waves, and the *falaises*, (or down on the top of the cliff) with their short elastic turf, their noble outlook over ocean and land, and their lavish sea-breezes, being abandoned of the gay world with its fripperies and ornaments—the semicircular "bazaar" with its range of green-faced shops named after each country of the world, and supposed to contain the products of the same, being shut up until the return of the birds of passage who patronize them—the vast "crystal-palace" sort of building made of iron and glass, which contains the promenade-hall, the "ball room," "concert room," and New Baths (the walls of the latter being, however, composed of materials not quite so ingenious as those of the rest of the building!) being abandoned to the rest of the inspection of the waves that roll up to its feet twice a day, as though to see if any of the last year's galettes still linger within;—and the really fine library, with its shadowy length of books and sea-view, and its interesting collection of Roman and Gallic antiquities from the neighboring regions, being left to the sole enjoyment of the intelligent and courteous vibration, of course no one thinks it worth while to make a lengthened stay in Dieppe during this unfashionable period of the year.

In the course of my wanderings through the old town, having inspected the magnificent old church—almost a cathedral—of St. Jaques, whose exquisite traceries, quaint gargoyles, and storied archways are curving beneath the ruthless touch of Time, I found myself in the market-place, a large square, in which the buyers and sellers meet in happy promiscuity, beneath the wide cope of heaven, with only moveable tables for stalls. This method of transacting business in mutton, cabbage, cheese, and fresh eggs, may be very well—but it is certainly very picturesque—when the sun is shining; but on windy and rainy days, and when the snow is coming down in angry gusts from the north-looking sea, some sort of shelter would probably be preferable. The sun, however, was shining magnificently as I went through the crowd, and amused myself with watching the various motley groups, chattering over heaps of garlic, piles of cast-off clothing, heaps of ribbons and linens, cheese, fowls, fish, meat, and bread, which latter article of consumption is principally removed from the restraint of baker-shops, and to be found luxuriating in the fresh air and sunlight of the busy market-place of Dieppe. Formerly the women of Dieppe and all that Norman coast, were renowned for an odd but picturesque head-dress, surmounted by two standing flaps, like wings, which might be designated, with equal appropriateness, as "the Cherub" or "the Butterfly-Cap." These astounding triumphs of the clear-starcher's art are made of white muslin, trimmed with lace, and kept in form over wires, which are known to exist, but do not appear; the winged parts surmounting the head, which is encased in something bearing a general resemblance to the "mob" of our great grandmothers. To my great sorrow, these acrobatic head-dresses are fast disappearing, and I looked in vain through the busy market-place for a single apparition of my winged favorites. "Sic transit, &c. &c." But if I did not see the cap for which the fair Dieppoises were once renowned, my eyes were greeted with the sight of an enterprising dealer in buttons and pins, whose appearance was a full compensation for the windy walk I had had to the market-square. That ingenious individual had completely draped himself in the interesting object in which he dealt, his blouse and trowsers being covered over, in front, with papers of buttons, behind, with papers of pins. He also wore on his head a crown, neatly formed of papers of buttons, one of which formed a band round his forehead, while two others, attached at the ears, crossed the head, and were pinned up on the top into a representation of the centre jewel of a crown. The fellow's eloquence, and the assumption of dignity with which he expatiated on the beauty and value of his wares, turning himself about so as to make the pins and buttons glitter in the sun, had collected an immense crowd about him, and his treasures were going off in minute quantities,

but with a rapidity that promised to strip him speedily of his trappings to the equal delight of himself and of his customers. A little farther on were a man and woman, perched up on a bench against the wall of a house at the side of the square, holding over their heads a huge cotton umbrella in very battered condition, and singing ballads at the top of their voices, the man wearing a pair of enormous leaden spectacles that one could not look at without laughing. A crowd of gaping listeners surrounded the pair, and gossips of merriment responded every now and then to the strains they were uttering with the aid of a dirty and ragged little song-book they held between them. And while these, and a dozen other candidates for public applause, were capturing their own particular audiences, fish-women, flower-sellers, and dealers in every imaginable article were rending the air with their clamors—old hags who sit beside great baskets with a few bunches of garlic and bay-leaves lost in their abyssal depths, being the most vociferous of all.

The sole manufacture of Dieppe consists of ivory carvings, for which it has long been famous. The principal street is lined with shops, whose windows are full of the loveliest specimens of this style of work, and very beautiful they are. Shrines with little Virgins in them, chessmen, books, knives, bracelets, brooches, goblets, vases, alabaster and bottle-handles, candlesticks, waxers, paragon-handles, little figures of fishwives, beggars, pashas, and drinking groups, filigree work, bunches of flowers, to be affixed to slabs of marble for paper-weights, and a thousand other pretty things, most exquisitely carved, tempt the visitor, and bring in a good deal of money to the natives during the season when rich English visitors fill the place. Several moulder of figures in *terre cuite* also deserve a visit; especially the shop of Maitre Graillot, whose exquisite grapes carried off the Medal of Honor at the Paris Exhibition of 1855.

The railway from Dieppe to Rouen, as from Rouen to Paris, passes through a most beautiful and fertile country, abundantly worth a visit from the tourist in quest of the picturesque; the pastures are of a deep emerald green, that would not dishonor the shores which geologists tell us have been rent from them, at some indefinitely remote period of the past, on the opposite side of the channel. Just now the orchards—which, in Normandy, replace the vineyards to the south of Paris—are in full bloom: the woods are white with the wild plum and wild cherry; and the grass, especially in the orchards, is yellow with cowslips. In the meadows are buttercups, meadow-sweet, wild hyacinths, wild daffodils, narcissus, and daisies, the latter not quite so abundant as in England, but strewing the deep green herbage with their brilliant disks, and giving something of an English look to the country. The cottages are mostly of *réton*, a mixture of sand, earth, and pebbles, which has the advantage of being very warm in winter, and equally cool in summer, and to which the people are so much attached that they persist in its use, although it cannot stand-water, but melts away in an inundation like a lump of sugar in a tumbler of water. These habitations are thatched, have tiny little blinking windows, and look about 150 years behind the ordinary dwelling of the corresponding class in England. Carts, ploughs, and all the agricultural implements, methods, and arrangements, have the same uncouth, primitive, and backward look. Even in the narrow section of country I had just traversed in England, I had seen numerous applications of steam to agricultural purposes: steam ploughs, steam-threshers, &c. One can't even imagine such an innovation among the green, old-world, lazy-looking peasants of Normandy.

Rouen is a large manufacturing city, with unlimited suburbs, standing in the wide and beautiful valley of the Seine, surrounded with lovely fields, groves and orchards, through which rise the tall chimneys of the cotton-spinning and cotton-weaving establishments that render it so important a manufacturing centre. It contains 130,000 inhabitants, and is called "The French Manchester." Its English prototype contains between 300,000 and 400,000, and is such a solid mass of dark, smoky brick as forms a very different place from gay, light, cheerful-looking Rouen. Instead of being carried on in lofty fastnesses that almost shut out the daylight from one another, as in Manchester, the cotton manufacturer of Rouen is lodged in pleasant, villa-like mansions, standing for the most part, each in its own garden, the factories being principally scattered in the outskirts of the town. Very little coal, if any, is consumed either in the town or the neighborhood, and thus the place has a clean aspect which contrasts strikingly with the great age of most of the houses in the town.

The town itself is a labyrinth of narrow streets, bordered by lofty houses, from whose windows you could almost shake hands across the thoroughfare below; few of the streets can boast of side pavements, and a single gutter runs down their centre, the street sloping down to this gutter on either hand. Great numbers of the houses are built of plaster, with cross-beams, making fantastic patterns outside, in the style known in England as the Elizabethan. Of these, many are literally dropping to pieces, the authorities, anxious to get the old parts rebuilt, having forbidden the owners to repair them. As soon as the process of decay has gone so far as to endanger the standing of one of these relics of a time gone by, the authorities order its demolition, and the owner is obliged to pull it down, and to rebuild in modern fashion. The insecurity of these old buildings in case of fire renders it necessary that they should thus disappear; but one cannot think of the quaint old town being gradually replaced by a modern city, without regret. Uncomfortable and inconvenient as these old places may be, (and are, however much one dislikes to make the admission,) one comes at every turn upon an old gateway, a bit of turret that has escaped the doom of its former neighbor and been built into a modern wall, or an old front not yet muddled away, so picturesque, so full of light and shadow, and so vividly calling up the chequered memories of historic days, that one cannot but lament their approaching disappearance.

The Cathedral, the noble Church of St. Ouen, and the beautiful carved ceilings of the halls of the old *Palais de Justice*, are among the finest

remains of ancient architecture in Europe. The former is now surrounded in part by the fine old square—some of whose house-fronts are treasures for the photographer—partly by a beautiful garden, formerly belonging to the monastery behind the church. The contrast between the gay blossoms of the lilacs and red bud, and the dark, time-stained masses of armen stone still towering so proudly into the blue sky, was very striking. Inside the church, a gorgeous procession was celebrating the festival of St. Maur; the priests, in their lace and satin, were carrying a picture of the saint, all gilding and embroidery, mounted on a tall pole. Some scores of chorister-boys, in their scarlet gowns and white surplices, of priests in black serge, with shaven crowns, (and some of them with most repulsive faces and big necks,) the beadle in gold lace and cocked hat, with a sword at his side, and a troop of devout worshippers, principally women and children, parading round the church, and chusing, with an occasional note from the organ or the bass viol, made up a notable spectacle, and helped to transport one's thoughts to the days when such ceremonies were full of living meaning to the crowds of believing worshippers, and the sombre cathedral with its massive pillars, the windows with their storied panes, and "e'en, religious light," and the priests with their power, their pride, and their exclusiveness, were the spontaneous products of the time.

The Seine runs through the city, and is crowded with small craft which the Rouennais like to fancy rival the congregation of the children of the ocean that ride at anchor in the heart of London. Round the town lofty hills rise in every direction, dotted over with handsome country-seats, covered with lines and apple-trees, and commanding a glorious view for many a mile in every direction. If Dieppe abounds in carved ivory, and the outskirts of Rouen in cotton-goods, Rouen itself enjoys the reputation of making the best "apple-sugar" in existence; and happy is the boy or girl who travelling friend be思 of purchasing a few sticks of this coveted confectionary for their eager taste!

The valley of the Seine being one of the loveliest in France, and that river winding like a snake throughout its length—so that you cross it, and come upon it, and go back to it, at short intervals throughout the route, it will be readily imagined that the ride is a charming one, and that you reach Paris enchanted with the beauty of the country through which you have passed.

The disposition of the French mind towards England, is anything but affectionate at this moment. The friends of the Empire are furious at the acquittal of Bernard; and his enemies being uncertain as to whether this acquittal ought not to be regarded as a "defiance" hurled in the face of the whole French people as well as of its Emperor, are by no means delighted therewith. But it may fairly be hoped that the Emperor—who knows the English people so well, that he must have felt beforehand that he had ensured the acquittal of Dr. Bernard when he so injudiciously suffered the heclosures of the French colonels to appear in the *Moniteur*—is too shrewd to allow his people to hurry him into a war with England, which, he must be aware, though it would exalt him to a momentary popularity with those who now give him most trouble, would inevitably end in his own downfall; and it is very certain that as the British people have been at the unwise demonstration of their Ally, they would deplore a rupture with France as the greatest blow to both countries, and the most serious impediment to the world's progress that could occur.

At the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in London, a resolution was unanimously adopted to disseminate, as far as possible, Scriptural instruction in India.

The subject of the Government of India was taken up, and further progress made on the resolutions proposed by the Government.

The Times is authorized to state that Sir Colin Campbell is to be created a Peer, in consequence of his distinguished services.

The Court of Queen's Bench refused the application of the British Bank Directors for a new trial. Lord Campbell said that the jury were justified in their verdict. All the facts of the case were uncontested, and he sincerely hoped that the prosecution would have a salutary effect upon commercial transactions.

At the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in London, a resolution was unanimously adopted to disseminate, as far as possible, Scriptural instruction in India.

At the Queen's Drawing-room, Mr. Dallas presented to the Queen, Mrs. Charles Amory and daughter, of Boston, and Mrs. Baldwin and daughter, of Boston. Mr. Dallas presented Mr. George Dorr, of New York, Professor Alexander, United States Commissioner of International Coinage, and Lieutenant U. S. Boyd, commanding the Marines of the U. S. frigate Niagara.

The London Times, in its city article, has some lengthy remarks on the extension of the United States southward, and says in effect, that the absorption of the weaker republics of Central and South America by the United States cannot be long delayed, should America now pursue the course that a wise and prudent nation—

That change, as regards the English interest, assuming that she will honestly provide for the existing debts of the various States in question, cannot but be a great improvement upon their present position. The writer thinks that far more opposition will be shown to the extension at home than abroad.

The long projected European and American Submarine Telegraph Company in the Azores, were about issuing proposals for laying their cable.

The Army and Navy Club had given a banquet to the Duke of Malakoff, at which the most amiable feelings were evinced. The Duke proposed as a toast "The imperishable union of the armies and navies of England and France."

A meeting of one hundred and twenty-five Liberals (members of the House of Commons) had been held, and adopted resolutions declaring that they could not express satisfaction with the Government; that no future Government will be worthy of support which does not manifest an earnest zeal and sincerity in providing measures of improvement and reform, and that every Government wishing to have the support of the Liberal party should be established on a wider basis.

The Bank of England had made no change in the rate of discount. The overflow of bullion to France had checked the expectation. The demand for discounts had subsided and applications were very light.

INDIA.—Full detail of the scenes following the fall of Lucknow are published.

The son of one of the Begums and two or three ladies of the Zoumas, were killed by a discharge of musketry, when the doors were burst open, before the soldiers saw that they were women. The plunder and destruction of property seems to have been immense. The troops had been exposed to great labor before the city. Strong measures were at last taken to preserve order in the city and prevent plunder. It was expected that 8,000 men would have to be left to garrison Lucknow.

Symptoms were observable of a gathering cloud in the northwest, and preventive measures were urged, for fear of a sudden outbreak of the Sikhs.

Sir James Outram had issued a proclamation declaring that the British Government had no intention to carry on an armed propaganda, as was believed, among the natives; and the Governor-General had issued a proclamation, promising rewards to those who had been faithful, and calling on others to submit and throw themselves on the mercy of the British Government.

He confiscates all the estates of the latter, but promises that their lives shall be spared if they are not guilty of shedding murderous blood.

The Paris *Press* affirms that, in a private de-

livery, the Emperor made him read such passages over a second time, pretending not to have understood him. When the reading was terminated, the Emperor quietly remarked, "You have a good deal of talent, and you will do well to go on writing. Meantime, I thank you for the amusement you have procured me." The unhappy poet could hardly believe his ears, having looked on a visit to Siberia as the very mildest doom awaiting him. But, happily, the road to Siberia, since the accession of Alexander II., has only been followed by those who are returning from it:—a venture on a rather Hibernian mode of expression, which, however, expresses a fact highly honorable to the present ruler of all the Russias. According to the same writer, a Russian in whose presence an ardent admirer of the present ruler was giving vent to his hero-worship, remarked, "You may be very enthusiastic for his present majesty, but you cannot deny that the late Emperor did a vast deal for the happiness of Russia."

"In what respect?" demanded the admirer of his sovereign. "He has given us Alexander!" replied the other. QUANTUM.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Niagara brings Liverpool advices to the 5th.

On the 5th, the House of Commons passed to a second reading the bill legalizing marriage with a deceased wife's sister, by forty majorities.

On the 6th, in reply to an inquiry, Mr. D'Israeli said that no revision of the commercial relations of Turkey had taken place since the war, but that one would probably soon commence. He also stated, in reply to an inquiry of Mr. Bright, as to the proclamation of the Governor-General of India, confounding the soil of Oude, that the Government had sent out a dispatch disapproving of the policy of the Governor-General in this matter, in every respect.

The bill abolishing the property qualifications for members of Parliament, was debated and passed to a second reading, without great effect.

On the 7th, in the House of Lords, Lord Ellesborough produced a copy of the Governor-General of India's proclamation, and the Government dispatch in condemnation of the Governor's action.

Earl Granville deprecated the production of the dispatch, and defied Lord Canning, predicting that he would not submit to the affront.

The Earl of Derby defended the action of the Government, stating that they felt bound to object to the sweeping confiscation of the landed property in Oude, which Lord Canning had proclaimed.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer reported that there was a perfect agreement between Great Britain and Sardinia, with respect to the course to be taken for the solution of the present difficulty. That agreement, however, did not imply that everything had been arranged.

The Government had included, in their representations to the crew of the Cagliari.

The subject of the Government of India was taken up, and further progress made on the resolutions proposed by the Government.

The Times is authorized to state that Sir Colin Campbell is to be created a Peer, in consequence of his distinguished services.

The Court of Queen's Bench refused the application of the British Bank Directors for a new trial.

At the Annual Meeting of the British and Foreign Bible Society, in London, a resolution was unanimously adopted to disseminate, as far as possible, Scriptural instruction in India.

At the Queen's Drawing-room, Mr. Dallas presented to the Queen, Mrs. Charles Amory and daughter, of Boston, and Mrs. Baldwin and daughter, of Boston. Mr. Dallas presented Mr. George Dorr, of New York, Professor Alexander, United States Commissioner of International Coinage, and Lieutenant U. S. Boyd, commanding the Marines of the U. S. frigate Niagara.

The London Times, in its city article, has some lengthy remarks on the extension of the United States southward, and says in effect, that the absorption of the weaker republics of Central and South America by the United States cannot be long delayed, should America now pursue the course that a wise and prudent nation—

That change, as regards the English interest, assuming that she will honestly provide for the existing debts of the various States in question, cannot but be a great improvement upon their present position. The writer thinks that far more opposition will be shown to the extension at home than abroad.

The long projected European and American Submarine Telegraph Company in the Azores, were about issuing proposals for laying their cable.

The Army and Navy Club had given a banquet to the Duke of Malakoff, at which the most amiable feelings were evinced. The Duke proposed as a toast "The imperishable union of the armies and navies of England and France."

A meeting of one hundred and twenty-five Liberals (members of the House of Commons) had been held, and adopted resolutions declaring that they could not express satisfaction with the Government; that no future Government will be worthy of support which does not manifest an earnest zeal and sincerity in providing measures of improvement and reform, and that every Government wishing to have the support of the Liberal party should be established on a wider basis.

The Bank of England had made no change in the rate of discount. The overflow of bullion to France had checked the expectation. The demand for discounts had subsided and applications were very light.

INDIA.—Full detail of the scenes following the fall of Lucknow are published.

The son of one of the Begums and two or three ladies of the Zoumas, were killed by a discharge of musketry, when the doors were burst open, before the soldiers saw that they were women. The plunder and destruction of property seems to have been immense. The troops had been exposed to great labor before the city. Strong measures were at last taken to preserve order in the city and prevent plunder. It was expected that 8,000 men would have to be left to garrison Lucknow.

Symptoms were observable of a gathering cloud in the northwest, and preventive measures were urged, for

MEMOIR OF MY PRESENT CRUISE.
WEEKLY SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY THE AUTHOR OF "GLEANINGS AT
MY LAST CRUISE."
SLIDING DOWN A MOUNTAIN.

The end of my last letter left the doctor and myself standing under the portico of the Mount Church, and looking down upon a grand view. Here is what we saw: the clouds having driven by and a bright sun taken their place. We looked down from this elevation of 2,000 feet and saw the whole front of the island. The town, and the sea, and the shipping floating upon it, and the neighboring islands washed by its restless breast were all at our feet.

There were the numerous hills which we had mounted with so much labor, piling one upon the other until they reached our feet. Their rich sides cultivated like one immense garden, dotted here and there by hamlets or isolated houses; while dense groves of shade and fruit-trees continued the landscape. Near the sea was the town we had left, with its narrow streets, its frowning fort, its massive cathedrals, and its palace-like private residences; many of which with their expensive grounds covered more than an acre of ground. Then in front of the town there was "Loo Rock" washed by its incessant surf, and with "Loo Castle" towering over its perpendicular sides. While in the open roadstead there were thirty sail of shipping, and far away to the southward, the misty and imperfectly defined horizon joining with the overcast and uncertain sky. It was difficult to say where the sea ended and where the sky commenced—like the mind straining into futurity, the eye lost itself in dim and vain imaginings.

We were now in the region of clouds. Those hills rising one upon the other had at length formed a mountain. The slope of this mountain was one immense 30,000 acres tract of highly cultivated land, and its broken ridge—which yet towers thousands of feet above us—was composed of rocky crests and black-looking ravines. The highest peak of these mountains is said by Captain Wilkes, U. S. N., to be over 6,000 feet above the level of the sea.

While we were admiring this grand view, we were totally unconscious of a storm that was gathering in our rear. We were awakened to our danger by a score of plaintive, whining voices, some were in broken-English, others in Portuguese. I put them all in the former, to be understood. Here they commence—

"My good gentlemen! a copper! a copper!" whined one very ragged and generally shabby-looking old woman, who would have seemed an object of real charity had it not been for a bad twinkle in her left eye.

"My great gentlemen! a copper for charity!" chimed in an equally dilapidated old man, as he held out one handless arm and crossed the other over his bare breast.

These two evidently "hunted in couples." They frowned lowering upon the more youthful members of the crowd, and were always in the van.

"Handsome gentlemen! good gentlemen! money! money! money!" urged a dozen or more ragged, and dirty, and rascally-looking adults and children of both sexes.

"Gentlemen, give money to drink!" supplicated Maria and his heretofore silent companion.

"Gentlemen, you ride down in sledge!" queried two athletic-looking mountaineers, as they closed in upon us with affectionate courtesy.

"Get out of this, you rascally pack!" almost screamed the doctor, brandishing his cotton umbrella; "I'll knock some of you down. Clear out!"

"Come! let's go into the church!" I said, knocking at the closed door.

"Bum-by, gentlemen!" said one of the mountain sledge-men. "Wait minute!"

Of course we complied with his suggestion, and were shortly rewarded by hearing the noise of the key.

"There he is!" exclaimed the doctor.

"Maybe it's a she!" returned I.

"No, it's a he!" he insisted, as the door opened and showed us a short, stout man, dressed very much like one of the outside vagabonds, and looking like a great rascal instead of like the quiet priest we had expected to see. He subsequently proved to be the keeper of a neighboring Palperis, with whom the keys were left while the priests were away. These latter we saw nothing of, but were informed that they were very poor, and that they only came to the church upon feast or other service days.

We stepped gingerly through the open door upon the massive stone flooring, and looked around us with an air of alarmed curiosity. We had previously agreed to affect wonder and astonishment at everything we saw, and we succeeded admirably—especially at preserving our countenances. The excited crowd—every one of whom seemed to be a guide—grew more excited still. Each one seemed to have said to himself—"Ah! these green strangers are struck with astonishment—I will work upon that feeling until it produces a shilling!"

"Here San Antonio!" exclaimed one, more eager than his fellows, before we had arrived within twenty feet of a life-sized image of wood, painted and clothed in the gaudy manner peculiar to Chinese and Romish Saints, and reposing in one of several niches. "Here San Antonio!"

"It can't be!" ejaculated the doctor, in a tone of wonder, half-doubting inquiry.

"San Antonio! San Antonio!" insisted the crowd.

"San Antonio?" I repeated, with an incredulous shake of the head. "Not San Antonio!"

"No San Antonio!" queried one of the male adults. "Suppose he no San Antonio, you can me head off." This fellow was actually violent and nervous of our welfare, and threw his arms about and gesticulated in a most vehement manner.

"San Antonio?" I repeated, in a tone of unwilling conviction.

"Yes! yes! San Antonio! San Antonio!" piled in the crowd eagerly.

We passed slowly on, gazing around us in continued, gaping wonder.

"Here Mary!" yelled the crowd, stopping before a second image.

"Here Mary!" sang out an isolated beggar

unconsciously, pointing to a third image in a more distant corner. "Behold that there were two Marys. I stepped half way between them and gaped from one to the other. The isolated beggar looked—sure of his shifting: the less advanced crowd frowned upon him as upon a traitor who had taken an unfair advantage of his party.

"Yes!" I said, in bad Portuguese. "Yes! they are both 'Mary.' They are so much alike each other. They must have been made by a man who knew Mary!"

The crowd shrugged its shoulders in acquiescent doubt. One only, more intelligent than the others, glanced at me curiously.

I only wonder that they all did not discover me, for the first Mary had red hair, a snub nose, and a squat figure, (I use the expression most adapted to her appearance,) while Mary No. 2 was tall and slender, dark-haired and long-nosed. Two more unlike Marys could not have been found in a year's walk.

"All siller!" suddenly vociferated an excited beggar, pointing to a massive lamp that hung in front of "Mary No. 2."

"All lead!" I objected, with the indignant air of one just discovering that he was being humbugged. This objection was greeted by a perfect torrent of derision, followed by vehement protestations to the contrary. I noticed that one of the sledgemen protested himself into a profuse perspiration.

"Siller! siller! All siller!" urged some. "Lead! He calls it lead! Phew!" sneered the others.

"All gold!" I queried, simply as if convinced of my error, and pointing to a heavy column of carved gilt-work near by.

"No! no! not gold!" Acknowledged the crowd, smiling at our simplicity. "Some gold; not all!"

Here I again caught the eye of the intelligent one." He had evidently made up his mind as to the state of affairs. He slapped his palm violently upon his right leg, spun around twice, and laughing boisterously, informed the crowd that we were quizzing them; whereupon said crowd looked confusedly small, and let us end the examination in quiet. When we had seen a very large altar surrounded by a very small image of our blessed Savior, and flanked by several other images of apparently primary importance, we returned to the Porch, when the owner of the Palperis hurriedly locked the door and hastened to hold out his hand.

"No change!" I replied, holding out the same attractive half eagle and then returning it to my pocket with a regretful shrug.

Desmay and consternation spread through the expectant group. The "aged couple" trembled with anxious doubt as they followed us toward the horses.

"He says he has no change!" they cried despairingly.

Suddenly a bright idea seemed to strike the "intelligent one." He left us on a run in the direction of the Palperis, and before we had gained the horses was again at our side—breathless. He had gone for change.

"Here change!" he exclaimed breathlessly, and in astonishingly fair English.

"Gentlemen, you ride down in sledge!" queried two athletic-looking mountaineers, as they closed in upon us with affectionate courtesy.

"Clear out!" shouted the doctor, with a threatening sweep of his heavy umbrella. "I suppose, however," he added, "I suppose we must give them something."

"How much?" I asked.

"Oh! a half dollar among the crowd."

So I took \$4.50 from the "breathless-one," gave him the half eagle in exchange, and informed the crowd that the difference was theirs. Their delight knew no bounds. The "aged couple" immediately fraternized with the "breathless-one," frowning rebusbly upon the equally anxious adults. We now succeeded in leaving them behind—like the Siberian wolves whose pursuit was checked by meat thrown from the flying sleigh, they stopped to fight over the tempting prize. Just as we reached the horses, however, we were attacked in another quarter. Our two "mountaineers"—the breathless one and friend—simply ran over us with a two-seated basket-sleigh, into which they urged us to get, and be alid down their horses, and consequently felt angry.

"Aye-de-mi!" signed the opposite mountaineer, by way of exciting pity.

"Phew! phew! phew!" blew the pusher, faintly, toward the same end. A school of porpoises would now have been put to the blush by the violent and irregular puffing which ensued. They were evidently working for a drink.

"How they blow!" exclaimed the doctor, condolingly.

This was all they required. A wounded whale could not now have out-blown them. They turned red in the face, perspired profusely, fanned themselves languidly, and finally got their drink. They now asked for a half dollar to pay for it. We knew that the country liquor they had drunk could be bought at six cents the bottle, and consequently felt angry.

"A half dollar!" I exclaimed, in amazement. "Why, that is just what we are to pay for sleighing us down."

The whale-like breathing was now all over. The end had been gained, and their breath was now used to convince us that we were not being swindled.

"Come! go ahead!" exclaimed the doctor, now really indignant. "None of your humbug."

Again we took our seats and continued the descent. A half mile more and we were at the edge of the town, where the inclination of the streets was no longer great enough to admit of sleighing. We got out, climbed upon a low wall, looked over the roofs of some low houses, and saw our horses approaching at a trot, with Maria and friend running along with the driver. The saddles were now well dry again, so giving our swindlers the half dollar agreed upon, plus a shilling to the pusher, we mounted and rode for the beach. Now it was that our mountaineers came out in their true colors. They had begged us frantically to use their sledges. We promised them fifty cents in return. We had paid them that, besides a similar amount for beer and a shilling to the boy, and now they followed with their imprecations and their curses. Had we been so disposed, we might have had them taken up by the police, but I remembered the pin, and rode on. I only wished that I had put it a little deeper. As we turned a corner they were still abusing us—"Ah!" I thought to myself, "what a strange thing Madeira-beggar-human-nature is."

Behold we seated. The no longer "breathless-one" on one side, his friend on the other, and one of the "male adults" behind to push, or hold back, as might be necessary. This "extra-hand," the doctor remarked jocosely, "was attached behind to hold back his extra 70 pounds supposed." Behold also the steep, smooth road under us, rendered even more slippery than usual by the late rain. Behold as "sitting" ourselves for the start. And finally held us gently moving at first, and then steaming along with break-neck velocity.

"Whoop! harrah! harrah!" shouted the de-

lighted possessor of flesh and animal spirits. "Whoop! Come on with the horses, Maria. By Jove! this is grand."

"Whoop! Go it you cripples!" (They were anything but cripples.) I joined in, "Whoop, hurrah!" And at the same time I attracted the attention of the again "breathless-one" through the instrumentality of a pin's point (the power of which I had previously tested upon my own hand, and which I held tightly to ensure its not annoying him beyond what it had.) carefully applied upon a safe surface.

"Oh, Caramba!"

"Go it, John. The other fellow is ahead of you."

"Oh, no good! no good! How can? Suppose fall down!"

This diversion of the breathless-one's attention from its legitimate occupation, aided to the doctor's extra 70 pounds upon the opposite side, which were very near resulting in an upset. We happened to be just at the foot of the first hill then, however, and halted in safety; the last ten yards being accomplished sideways—crab-like!

"Gentlemen, go this way or that?" asked "John," rubbing himself and pointing as he said, "dat," to a fork of the road, which crossed the head of a neighboring ravine, and reached the town by another route. I felt quite ashamed of myself as he thus rubbed himself so good naturedly after my attack, and inwardly resolved to reward him with an extra shilling. Had I known that his good humor was only assumed to swindle us out of *treble* fare, and that he was soon going to curse us lustily because we would only pay double what we had bargained for, I should probably have taken advantage of said forced good-humor to put in the pin a little deeper.

"Gentlemen better go new way!" suggested Maria, as he came within hail, and imagined the cause of the stoppage: "me carry his other side."

We waited for our adviser to come up: understood fully what he meant; saw the beauty of it; and got out to let the sledge men shoulder the sledge and carry it to the opposite ridge. We followed in their tracks, resumed our seats, and made a fresh start. This time our sledgemen took off their moccasin-like boots—"to make no slip," as they expressed it—and intimated that we were to expect a "two-forty" pace. They fulfilled their promise, staggering down the steep road under their monstrous bundles of brush-like firewood; ragged children and barking dogs, that rushed from the road-side huts, attracted by the shouts of excitement which we both gave vent to; all respectfully "cleared the track" before our rushing descent.

"Whoop! whoop! hurrah! Get out of the way! Clear the track!" we shouted, in wild vivification.

There was something so excitingly bracing in the rapid whirl, and we were yet in the country, and no decorum was violated.

"Look out for that turn! Hold up, you spalpeens!" I cautioned, a little nervously.

"Poco-a-Poco, (slowly, slowly,) John! Poco-a-Poco! you vagabonds!" joined in the doctor, energetically.

"But 'John' has been over that road in safety too often to heed the caution. We went, if anything, a little faster, as we whirled around the gradual curve.

"Must stop now, gentlemen," panted the breathless-one, as we reached the bottom of another hill, and found a short, level space, over which projected the straw roof of a dirty-looking Pulperia. "Must stop, now! You want something drink?"

"Confound your drinks!" I replied. "You want us to pay for you to drink. That's what you are after."

"Velly well, gentlemen!" assented to, with such a smile.

"Aye-de-mi!" signed the opposite mountaineer, by way of exciting pity.

"Phew! phew! phew!" blew the pusher, faintly, toward the same end.

The officer ceased laughing. In brief, the long-nosed man introduced him at the banker's. The officer pleased the daughter. The father shrugged his shoulders when a marriage was spoken of; but the man of the nose gave such excellent accounts of the young soldier, covered up his wild oats, exaggerated so well his merit and his virtues, had so many resources and ingenious stratagems at hand, that—the marriage soon took place. The lieutenant was astonished at such singular devotion, such a warmth of friendship. The day after the wedding, the long-nose called to see him.

"My dear friend," said the bridegroom, laughing.

"Nice proof of friendship," said the officer, smiling.

"My dear friend, there are marriages and marriages. What would you say to 500,000 francs of dowry, with expectations?"

The officer ceased laughing. In brief, the long-nosed man introduced him at the banker's. The officer pleased the daughter. The father shrugged his shoulders when a marriage was spoken of; but the man of the nose gave such excellent accounts of the young soldier, covered up his wild oats, exaggerated so well his merit and his virtues, had so many resources and ingenious stratagems at hand, that—the marriage soon took place. The lieutenant was astonished at such singular devotion, such a warmth of friendship. The day after the wedding, the long-nose called to see him.

"My dear friend," said the bridegroom, laughing.

"That spoils nothing. But fancy my happiness! I would gladly have wedded without that."

"Come, come! no nonsense. What should I have done?"

"How—you?"

"You speak of remembering me—"

"Oh! Can I have the pleasure of rendering you pecuniary service?"

"Certainly. A service for which I will give you a receipt. You will do me the kindness to pay these acceptances, signed by you, amounting to sixty-three thousand six hundred and eighty-two francs, sixty-five centimes, interest and expenses included. I could have arrested you or attached your pay, which would have canceled the debts in about three or four thousand years. I preferred to have you married. Was it not better?"

The lieutenant came down from the clouds.

This friend, benefactor, was not an angel, only a creditor!

He who has a thousand friends has not a friend to spare.

And he who has one enemy shall meet him every where.

—*The Prose.*

—*Shelley's Library.*—Shelley's library was a very limited one. He used to say that a good library consisted not of many books, but a few chosen ones; and, being asked what he considered such, he said: "I'll give you my list—catalogue which can't be called: the Greek Plays, Plato, Lord Bacon's Works, Shakespeare, the Old Dramatists, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, Machiavelli, and Guicciardini—not forgetting Calderon; and last, yet first, the Bible. It is not meant that this was all his collection. He had read few English works of the day: scarcely a novel except Walter Scott's, for whose genius he had sovereign respect; Aeneas, by which he thought Lord Byron profited in his Don Juan; and the Promised Spouse. In speaking of Hope and Maud, he said, "that one good novel was enough for any man to write, and he thought both judgments in not risking their fame by a second attempt."

—*Shelley's Library.*—Shelley's library was a very limited one. He used to say that a good library consisted not of many books, but a few chosen ones; and, being asked what he considered such, he said: "I'll give you my list—catalogue which can't be called: the Greek Plays, Plato, Lord Bacon's Works, Shakespeare, the Old Dramatists, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio, Machiavelli, and Guicciardini—not forgetting Calderon; and last, yet first, the Bible. It is not meant that this was all his collection. He had read few English works of the day: scarcely a novel except Walter Scott's, for whose genius he had sovereign respect; Aeneas, by which he thought Lord Byron profited in his Don Juan; and the Promised Spouse. In speaking of Hope and Maud, he said, "that one good novel was enough for any man to write

THE PATTER OF LITTLE FEET.

Up with the sun at morning,
Away to the garden he flies,
To see if the sleepy blossoms
Have begun to open their eyes
Running a race with the wind,
With a step as light and fleet,
Under my window I hear
The patter of little feet.

Now to the brook he wanders,
In swift and noiseless flight,
Splashing the sparkling ripples
Like a fairy water-sprite.
No sand under fabled river
Has gleams like his golden hair,
No pearly sea-shell is fairer
Than his slender ankles bare;
The rotest stem of coral
That blushed in ocean's bed,
Is sweet as the flush that follows
Our darling's airy tread.

From a broad window my neighbor
Looks down on our little cot,
And watches the "poor man's blessing"—
I cannot envy his lot.

He has pictures, books, and music,
Bright fountains, and noble trees,
Flowers that blossom in roses,
Birds from beyond the seas;
But never does childhood laugher
His homeward footstep greet,
His stately halts ne'er echo
To the tread of innocent feet.

This child is our "speaking picture,"
A birdling that chatters and sings—
Sometimes a sleeping cherub—
(Our other one has wings.)
His heart is a charmed castle,
Full of all that's cunning and sweet,
And no harp-strings hold such music
As follows his twinkling feet.

When the glory of sunset opens
The highway by angels trod,
And seems toumber the City
Whose Builder and Maker is God,
Close to the crystal portal,
I see by the gates of pearl,
The eyes of our other angel—
A twinborn little girl.

And I ask to be taught and directed
To guide his footstep aright,
That I be accounted worthy
To walk in sandals of light,
And hear amid songs of welcome
From messengers trusty and fleet,
On the starry floor of Heaven,
The patter of little feet.

RELIGIO CHRISTI.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1855, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

The coast-side of the Blue Mountains, or as they are now called, Australian Alps, at the point due east of Sydney, is between forty and fifty miles from the coast; in many places further north and south, the foot of the lowest hills is laved by the main. The Bathurst road crosses the eastern brow at about the first of these points. As the traveller descends it, a fine river is seen winding along at the base of the declivity; and everywhere, as far as his eye can reach, a region rich in meadows and arable fields, in orchards and homesteads, and choices woodland pastures, open before him. He wonders if the works he sees can be the product of three-quarters of a century.

Besides the main branch of the Hawkesbury River, flowing here and there at the confines of the Alpine region, there are other but smaller ones, whose course is through some of the wildest parts of the region itself. Crossing the main river I lingered for a short time, my money still holding out, at one of the village settlements, and then concluded to follow a minor branch of the stream for a few days. I was led to do so by the account given me of the incredible richness of the soil, the luxuriant crops, and the peaceful, prosperous life of the settlers.

I found the account that had been given me by no means exaggerated. The soil was of unparalleled fertility, and the geometrical conformation of the surface such as to give the fullest effect to the fostering qualities of the climate. The stream wound along through narrow winding gorges; the hills now approaching the water so closely as to constitute the bank; now sweeping back so as to leave cliff-fenced flats, in size ranging mostly from ten acres up to fifty. The warmth of the sun, here reflected from the hill-sides, caused a high temperature of the air and soil, whilst the rich soil itself was fed with constant moisture by its proximity to the level of the stream and the underground drain from the hills.

Here had settled numbers of the freed convicts; many of whom, whilst under sentence, were the greatest "out-and-outers" in the country. It was allowed to any freed man in those times to present himself at the Female Factory, and on stating that he wished to obtain a wife, make his selection. The women of the "first class," i.e., such as were under no colonial sentence, were paraded, and the determined repellant of bachelorhood signified his choice. If the highly favored object of it procured the election, a day was appointed and the marriage ceremony performed. In this way great numbers of these hapless women, very soon after arriving in the colony, exchanged the sad doom of an imprisoned convict for the position of a wife in a prosperous and comfortable home. It was one of the few merciful arrangements which entered into the general system of convict management, and, like all merciful methods, blessed in the main were its results. Both parties saw how much there could be gained by proper conduct, and were assiduous to secure it. Both had been convicts; if the woman had sacrificed her integrity, the man had been a ruffian and a thief. Neither could reproach the other. The past must be a sealed book to both; so much the more must they set store by the future. And not rarely was there a very comfortable home for the woman to take charge of; and the wife could find soft places in hearts that to down tramping society, and Courts of Justice and penal officials, were nothing but so much solid steel.

and adamant. The man on his part had perhaps toiled on alone in the woods, either as ticket-of-leave holder or freed man for several years, till he had got together his herd of two or three hundred head of horned cattle, and had grain-ground in abundance under cultivation, with his four or five hundred dollars in bank. From such an origin arose some of the finest families, in both a philanthropic and mental point of view, to be found in Australia below the better educated class. I have never heard or seen the fact noticed out of the colony, but it is one well known within it, that the stature of the native born men of Australia, and the gracefulness of the females, is of very peculiar order; and that from convict-blood, on either or both sides, has sprung much more than the average of the strength and beauty of the colony. Probably the climate is one of the causes; and another may be found in the excess of innate vitality which usually accompanies and perhaps partly causes, a lawless and forcible character.

But, beneficially as the system worked as a whole, it had its episodes. Many a child was growing up there whose sire had fought with gnashing teeth on the deck of privateer and pirate, or trained to arms on the midnight beach; many a one whose mother had cast away wealth and health and name and fame for love, and evermore, be she where she might, or what she might, or who she might, must carry within her heart an invincible lord of different stamp from the class into whose ranks she had fallen. There was one wild tale from their earliest times that may be worth the telling.

A young midshipman in the British navy, for some complicity in a mutiny, overt or constructive, was transported to Sydney. Soon after his arrival, a friend of his family in the colony procured his assignment to his service. This gentleman had a grain mill on the road from the distant interior to Sydney; and to it the young man was sent to act as clerk. To this mill, on his way to Sydney, with grain, came at times an old settler from the region above described, leaving his sack of wheat to be ground for home use against his return. With him also sometimes came his daughter, a girl of some seventeen years of age. The young midshipman and the settler's daughter preferred each other, and for a while all went well. The youth was to have (sent him from Europe) any funds he needed as soon as he could obtain a ticket of leave; and it was a frequent thing for free born girls to marry young men still under sentence, making, indeed, a strange legal jumble as to authority in the marriage state, but therewithal, it is said, some very happy marriages. Old Daley was well satisfied—and the mother of the young girl was deceased. Sister or brother also she had none. Three years passed, and Nance was become the finished and graceful woman. Her mother had been one of those whose fall is from the upper sphere, never to be forgotten, a sentence of early death as irreversible as the law of the Medes and Persians; but she had lived long enough to make her daughter, even in these rude wildernesses, not far unlike herself in all feminine tastes and capacities. At this juncture, Nance about twenty, the young midshipman within a short period of attaining his ticket-of-leave, there occurred between them one of those "old-world" affairs, a lover's quarrel—"initium amoris." So for some weeks Nance would not go to market with her father. At length it became too bad; and one night after a day when Daley had passed down the road to market alone, the clerk took one of his employer's horses out of the stable, and rode off to the Cedar Tree Gulley to make his peace. As he came back, light-hearted, but much too late, for the day had dawned, a constable—whose station he had to pass, was up, saw him, and took him into custody for being at large without a pass. At the court his case went hard; ranging about in the night (said the hoof tracks) for many a mile away from where he ought to have been, with no pass, on no errand that he dared to tell. His employer, who himself looked on the offence very leniently, did all he could to keep him; but in vain. All he could accomplish was an abatement of the sentence. Instead of being consigned to the Convict Barrack at head-quarters, with fifty lashes, the prisoner was sent there without. This was all; and thus the young man knew was but a protraction. He knew that the first time he happened to annoy some tyrannical overseer, the infamous sentence would reach him. How had he deserved this state of things? Was this the fruit of four years' faultless and assiduous conduct? Where was the enormous offence that had incurred it? *Whom had he wronged, in fact?* *Where lay his sin of purpose?* Gentle blood could have faced the cell or the rack or death—but the infamous lash? No! So away he went, the first chance he could get, into the woods. Next morning, when Nance goes to the spring a little way off in a shady covert of the woods, for water for break fast, she finds her lover there before her. The tale is brief and plain; and she who has lived her whole life in the convict country, understands it all, and knows its truth and meaning to the full. But she bears it bravely and well. No scabs, no paroxysms. Only for that treacherous glance of the eye, and the curl and tremulousness of that exquisitely feminine upper lip, and all respiration through the dilated nostrils, you might think she had listened to nothing more than some ordinary "good-morning" from a neighbor. Before leaving, she takes him to the best place of concealment night at hand. The wearied youth soon sleeps. In his dream there is the tread of light feet around him, and the wafting of garments at his side, and a strange Elysian sensation almost painless his temples and forehead, and mingling queerly with these more celestial things, there are visions of oxen roasting whole, and subliminary bread and many other viands, such as cream and the Chinese herb, and the like. When he awakes, the sun is high, the dew is gone, and, strange to tell, some provident angel has been there; for on a snow-white slopa, close to his head, are food profuse and condiments innumerable. At night Nance comes again, and the dread scroll is read once more. She says he has done well—right well. She would rather kill him herself—kill him with her own hands—than he should be fed up and flogged. "Better," he says, "to his mind, the death-dealing bullet." "Better," she says, "to his mind, the bullet."

* Aboriginal—Rock-house.

main shut up no longer; and she has to sob long and bitterly before the anguish will depart. The outlaw now speaks of his purpose. Once a month or so he will come to see his angel; the rest of the time ranges the bush; if no questions are asked him where he may happen to go, but hospitable food proffered, he will take it and do no wrong to any one. If no one gives him food of free will, he will find some who shall furnish it against their will. But Love, ever more provident for others than for itself, says: By no means. The plan savors too much of peril. And there is no need of it. Another tempest of tears and sobs, and the patient hiding of her face in the bosom of her heart's earth-walking god. "Who brought about all this ruin?" she asks. "Was it not herself? Her own vain caprice! her badness, not his? No, he cannot go away again; they must live or die together. As for his maintenance, who is the mistress of that well-stocked farm but herself? If it were ten times as much what would she be giving but her own? As for shelter, many a day of her girlhood did she spend in gathering flowers and looking for beautiful birds in the woods behind the farm, where no trail yet pierces, where there is no settler for fifty miles back. And many a fastness she knows of where an army might be concealed; many a gibber-guyah up among the crags of the ravines, where a shelf of rock juts out and forms a roof and a chamber, impervious alike to rain and sun-heat. If his doom must be the jail, she will be his jailor herself; and will come on the morrow and incarcerated him in due form. And so the master rests. Henceforth, when the old settler drives his dry-load of grain to Sydney market, he goes alone. And when he gets back he has long tales to tell of the folks' surmises about the mill clerk; and how most people think he must have ingratiated himself with some son of the ocean like himself, and got on board a vessel and escaped. Those American skippers always do this kind of thing when they can get a chance, to spite the English Government."—Nance, listening, with many a grave "Indeed!" For, all these times, the old man, who is a hard drinker when he begins, tarries his homeward way at one tavern after another, till his return is protracted till the second and often the third morning; and then the prisoner comes forth after nightfall, when there is no further chance of travel, and the months speed fast, ah! far too fast, away. Daley wonders at the easy unconcern with which Nance hears all his stories of her former lover; but he wonders still more as he sees that as the quick months speed on, the unconcern disappears, and a trembling nervousness and a look of dreadful pain take its place whenever he mentions him. For a few weeks he foregoes the subject. And the year rolls on; and the quick months speed fast, al! al! how fast, how fast, away! Daley is a shrewd old man; and proposes to his daughter a match that he has half-made for her—more than half-made—with a soulless lout, half-idiot, the only son of an old and miserly settler almost at his last breath, a few farms below them on the stream. His daughter says it cannot be. One day—such as comes but once or twice in a human life—bitterest ire on the one part, wildest despair on the other. The sun sinks low, and the old man leaves her and goes out for his milking herd. When he comes back, the door is closed; even the dog is not there. He listens at the threshold—a minute—two minutes; all still as the grave within. He turns and looks everywhere in an instant. All still; even the encircling woods move not; but seem as if they had a consciousness and a power of looking at him as one looks who is condemned to utter, but cannot utter, some direful tidings. He lifts the latch and staggers forward. No Nance; some clothing gone; a little bullet on the table: "Father, farewell! May God forgive and bless you!" Of the old man, tradition says no more. But that night Nance was also a bushranger. Whilst she could, she had fed her mate; and now the young man thinks it is his turn to feed her. His tools that works with a horse and a carbine. And so the year rolls on, and the months have sped away. As yet their hiding-place has remained unsuspected by the police. Only a few of the old Indians, who have known Nance from her childhood, have visited them. Some of these, however, have stayed with her awhile when left otherwise alone; and to one old crone she had thoughtlessly given some coat-of-arms. One night, in the winter weather, the rain falling with ceaseless patter on the leaves, the night blank and starless, the trees swaying and moaning, moist everywhere, the voices of the wind in the gorges of the mountain mingling into huge diapason, and pealing up to their eyrie like some great organ tone; the grim old dog, who is lying with his head between his paws beside the fire at the mouth of the gully, suddenly springs to his feet, uttering a low, stifled growl. A fierce growl, and he stands braced like a thing of iron, his hair bristling, and his eyes fixed peering through the slightly open door at his back, which, at his quick movement, was instantly withdrawn. Though naturally of an unassuming temper, he felt a glow of indignation at the mere idea of having had his confidence and the benevolence of his friends abused and laying down the money, took a formal and somewhat abrupt leave. It so happened his next engagement was at the studio of a fashionable artist, to whom he was sitting for his picture. While arranging his colors the painter rallied his subject on the absent mood he was in, whereupon the clergyman described the scene he had just passed through, and the unpleasant doubts it had excited in his mind. The artist grew serious in a moment, and asked for a particular description of the lady; he then begged his auditor not to speak of the matter until he heard from her, as a clue to the mystery had suggested itself. The artist was not deceived; the "indigent lady" was one of Burr's creatures; she coaxed him to have, at his instigation, planned to entrap the clergyman and compromise his position, in order to revenge the bitter homily launched years before at the destroyer of Hamilton.

GRIEF FOR THE DEAD.

Oh, hearts that never cease to yearn!
Oh, brimming tears that ne'er are dried!
The dead, th' they depart, return
As if they had not died!

The living are the only dead;
The dead live—nevermore to die;
And often when we mourn them find
They never were so nigh!

And th' they lie beneath the waves,
Or sleep within the churchyard dim—
(Ah! th' how many different graves
God's children go to Him!)

Yet every grave gives up its dead
Ere it is overgrown with grass!
Then why should hopeless tears be shed,
Or need we cry Alas!

Or why should memory, veiled with gloom,
And like a sorrowing mourner draped,
Sit weeping o'er an empty tomb
Whose captives have escaped!

'Tis but a mound—and will be mossed
When o'er the summer grass appears;
—The loved, though wept, are never lost;
We only lose our tears.

Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead,
By bending forward where they are;
But Memory, with a backward tread,
Communes with them afar!

The joys we lose are but forecast,
And we shall find them all once more;
—We look behind us for the Past,
But lo! 'tis all before!

KISSING IN PARIS.

Paris ought to be a perfect Paradise to young bachelors who are fond of kissing the ladies, according to a letter of a correspondent, writing from there. Our correspondent says:

"The almost universal custom of kissing, in Paris, seems at first singular to a stranger, coming from a country where the proprieties of life rarely permit you to take a lady's hand, much less to salute her. In France, to kiss a lady with whom you are not intimate, on meeting her, is very common; especially is this the case if she is a married lady. Not only the members of the family, but all the guests, expect invariably to salute the lady of the house on coming down in the morning. But, though the modest American may, perhaps, escape the ceremony on ordinary occasions, yet, on New Year's morning, it is imperative. On that morning I came down to my coffee about nine o'clock.

"I sat down, quietly bidding Madame bonjour, as on ordinary occasions. In a few moments she was at my elbow, with

"Mons. B., I am angry with you."

"I expressed, of course, a regret and ignorance of having given her any reason.

"Ah!" said she, "you know very well the reason. It is because you did not embrace me, this morning, when you came down."

"Madame was a lady of, perhaps, twenty-eight, with jet black, glossy hair, and a clear, fair complexion. She was very beautiful—had been plain, I should have felt less embarrassed. She waited, as though expecting me to stone her for my neglect; but how could I before the whole table? I sat, all this time, trembling in my seat. At length Madame said:

"Mons. B., embrase moi."

"The worst had come. I arose trembling, put my white, bloodless lips, all greedy with butter and wet with coffee, (for in my embarrassment I had dropped my napkin,) to those of Madame. This was my first French kiss."

Poor fellow! We can imagine his embarrassment just as well as if we had been present. In the same predicament we should have fainted—in the lady's arms.—N. Y. Atlas.

"Shaving the beard is a lie against our own faces, and an impious attempt to improve the works of the Creator.—Terribilis.

AARON BURR.

The Southern Literary Messenger for the current month has a very able and interesting article on Aaron Burr. The paper bears internal evidence of being the work of Henry T. Tuckerman. The following extract is from the essay and is new and are commendable to the reader's attention:

One of the most distinctly remembered journeys of our boyhood was to the British Provinces, returning via Maine. One summer day, at the hotel in Portland, with the urbanity which distinguished old school landlords, the host came into the parlor—exclaiming, "come here, my lad, I've something to show you now." Accompanying him to the porch he pointed out the erect and somewhat diminutive figure of a man, whose round, low hat, plain-cut, mulberry-colored frock coat, and immovable aspect, suggested, at the first glance, the idea of a Quaker; hair of snowy whiteness, a good profile and keen eyes were next obvious: he stood at an angle of the street, and people continually passed him; he looked straight forward, whether in reverie or expectation did not appear: "mark him well," said Burr, "you will bear of him when you are older; that is Aaron Burr, who shot General Hamilton." From that moment an ardent curiosity to know the details of this event, and a permanent association therewith of the staid, venerable and solitary figure, of which we had caught this vivid glimpse, gave a "local habitation" in our memory to the name of the second Vice President of the United States. Accordingly no opportunity was lost for gaining anecdotes of one of the few historical personages visible to juvenile eyes. These were singularly at variance with each other, yet all characteristic.

A medical contemporary of the old man, told us how started he was when administering to dying patients on a wintry night, to have his vigil disturbed by the entrance of a gentleman, whose costume and greeting were thoroughly courtier-like; he was followed by a negro bearing a tray with wine and soup, covered with a napkin; the roar of the tempest outside, the lateness of the hour, the contrast between this etiquette and the abject misery of the apartment and wretched end of the patient—who, though highly connected, was an outcast because of a long career of improvidence and dissipation—struck the good doctor as highly dramatic; and this impression was enhanced when the unexpected visitor announced himself as Col. Burr, well known to have been the boon companion of the dying man when he lived by his wife abroad, and indulged in a "lark" at home. "Poor Bill!" said the courteous comrade, "can nothing be done for him?" He received a negative reply with perfect composure, regarded the sufferer awhile, and then went through an elaborate farewell to the physician, leaving on that worthy's mind a bewilderment of impression of charitable intentions and heartless courtesy.

In direct contrast with this amiable phase of character was the next personal reminiscence we heard. Among the many funeral sermons elicited by Hamilton's death, one delivered by a Philadelphia clergyman was remarkable for the severe anathemas pronounced upon his antagonist. As a specimen of rhetorical invective the discourse became famous, and was largely quoted in the journals and disseminated through the country. Many years after, its author received a letter appealing to him as the almoner of many wealthy denizens in the city of brotherly love, to furnish pecuniary aid in a case where the previous high standing and prosperity of the individual, (represented as an accomplished lady,) made a more public application offensive both to pride and delicacy. The clergyman promptly called at the house, had an interview with the unfortunate, and promised, if possible, to obtain the requisite sum to relieve her immediate wants, from some rich and liberal members of his church. Her apparently comfortable situation was explained as the result of temporary kindness; and the melancholy of the fair petitioner, as well as her evident accomplishments, stimulated the good pastor to exertion, and, in a week, he wrote her that the money was at her disposal; she declined coming for it, and begged her benefactor to visit her at a certain hour the next day, and deliver the gift entrusted to him as well as give her the benefit of his advice in a plan she had formed for her own future and honorable subsistence.

At the appointed time the clergyman entered the drawing-room, and, while awaiting the lady, took up a beautiful edition of Horace, his favorite classic, from the centre-table; surprised to find marginal notes, indicative of the most tasteful erudition, in a female hand, his wonder increased when the object of his kind efforts appearing, confessed herself the author; an animated conversation ensued, and so interested was the visitor in the novel experiment of a learned discussion with one of the gentler sex, that he was not at first aware that she had gradually drawn nearer and nearer to him, and her manner exhibited a sudden emprise; raising his eyes in perturbation, as the idea occurred to him, he caught sight in the mirror, of a face peering through the slightly open door at his back, which, at his quick movement, was instantly withdrawn. Though naturally of an unassuming temper, he felt a glow of indignation at the mere idea of having had his confidence and the benevolence of his friends abused and laying down the money, took a formal and somewhat abrupt leave. It so happened his next engagement was at the studio of a fashionable artist, to whom he was sitting for his picture

CONGRESSIONAL.
OREGON AND MINNESOTA.

THE FIGHTING BOUNDARY.

Senate.

On the 15th, Mr. Gwin, of California, presented the memorial of the Legislature of California, calling on the Executive to take to the case of Juan Ensay, who was seized by an armed band of Mexicans in Arizona, and carried to Sonora, where he is still held captive. The California delegation had written to President Compton, who gave orders to have the prisoner released, but his order being disregarded, he professed himself unable to enforce it.

Mr. Gwin spoke warmly on the subject of Mexican outrages on American citizens, and hoped we this Congress adjourn, the Government will send a ship of war to that coast to demand reparation. This prisoner is the only survivor who can testify to the Sonora massacre of Americans, by the very parties who invited them to Mexico.

The subject was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 17th, Mr. Seward, of New York, submitted the following:

Resolved, That the Committee on Foreign Relations be instructed to inquire whether any legislation is necessary to enable the President of the United States to protect American vessels against British aggression in the Gulf of Mexico or elsewhere, and to report by bill or resolution.

The resolution, in consequence of the objection by Mr. Mason that the Senate has only newspaper information as yet, was temporarily laid over.

Mr. Shiede, of Minnesota, presented a memorial from the Legislature of Minnesota, asking for the establishment of mail routes in that State.

On motion of Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, the Appropriation Bill was taken up and passed, substantially as reported from the Finance Committee.

The Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 18th, Mr. Seward's, of New York, resolution of inquiry in the British outrages in the Gulf, which was yesterday postponed, was to-day unanimously adopted.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, moved to take up the bill for the admission of Oregon into the Union as a State. Carried.

The pending motion was then off-set by Mr. Trumbull, of Illinois, that its consideration be postponed till December next.

Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Alabama, advocated the postponement in order that the enabling act may be passed and a census taken.

Mr. Gwin, of California, warmly urged the immediate admission of the State, and referred to the poll books to show that it has ample population and that they are able to maintain a State Government. Referring to the clause in the Constitution prohibiting Chinamen from voting, Mr. Gwin defended it on the ground that the Chinese are a pestiferous, degraded, and slavish race, many of them slaves of masters in China, and that they take away the gold, while contributing nothing to the industry of the country. In California, their evidence is not received in courts; they are not citizens, and Oregon has done right in rejecting both Chinese and negroes.

Mr. Douglas, of Illinois, replied that every step in the formation of her Constitution, a due application for admission was legally submitted, and ratified by a majority of the people of Oregon. Why, then, should she not be admitted? Simply because she has not the requisite population. He believed that Oregon had more population than Kansas. It would be better to test the admission by a direct vote, for the motion to postpone till December, is merely equivalent to keeping her out. He was opposed to drawing distinctions between these two inchoate States of Oregon and Kansas. He was opposed to saying that one has a right to come in without sufficient population, and without an enabling act, and that the other shall not. With reference to the other subjects introduced into the debate, he cared nothing.

On the 20th, the new Senator Hayne, of South Carolina, took his seat.

Mr. Clay, of Alabama, from the Committee on Rivers and Harbors reported, against a large number of public improvement petitions.

[Mr. Gwin's Pacific Railroad Bill was not taken up.]

The special order, Mr. Johnson's, of Tennessee, was, Homestead Bill, was then taken up, and advocated by him at length. Adjourned.

On the 21st, communications were received from the Secretary of War, conveying the latest information relative to the Atavato expedition: and a recommendation for the expenditure of \$100,000 for breech-loading fire-arms for a portion of the army.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, introduced a bill to pay the Oregon and Washington Territory war debts. Referred to the Military Committee.

Mr. Wilson, Mass., submitted a resolution to print for the use of the Senate, 60,000 extra copies of the Patent Office Agricultural Report.

The Senate was occupied till the adjournment with private bills, forty or fifty of which were passed. None were of public interest, however, excepting a bill to repay the State of Maine for the expense of a regiment organized for the Mexican war. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 15th, Mr. Smith, of Illinois, from the Select Committee, to which the subject was referred, presented a bill to apportion the clerks and messengers of the several departments among the States and Territories, and the District of Columbia.

The bill for the relief of Bury, Livingston and others, by refunding the duty on merchandise destroyed by the great fire in New York in 1845, was, after a lengthy debate, killed by 15 majority. Adjourned.

On the 17th, the House proceeded to the consideration of a resolution from the Committee of Accounts proposing the dismissal of Mr. Hickney, the doorkeeper of the House, for alleged official conduct. Passed, after consideration of a discussion, yeas 141, nays 34.

The Committee on the Judiciary was discharged from the further consideration of the memorial of William Alexander, asking the impeachment of Judge Watrous, of Texas. It was reported on adversely by the last Congress. Several other memorials, presenting charges, are still pending in the committee.

Mr. Quattrom, of Mississippi, asked leave to offer a joint resolution, laying down a line of policy in regard to the admission of new States, requiring as a condition precedent, an enabling act for framing a Constitution, and sufficient population for the election of one representative in Congress.

Mr. Green, of Missouri, said he knew that the feeling of emancipation did not exist in Missouri, except to a limited extent, and among a few individuals. He knew the object of this movement of the Senator from New York, and desired to meet it on the threshold. It was intended to stir up all the flames of discord; to send not peace, but a sword. The sentiment of Missouri was in favor of peace, but not of emancipation. Slave labor's a profitable concern, and the number of slaves has increased.

Some further remarks were made, after which the motion that the consideration of the bill be postponed till December next was lost, by a vote of 16 to 30. Adjourned.

The bill was then reported without any but unimportant verbal amendments, and was finally passed—yeas 33, nays 17.

Yeas—Messrs. Allen, Bayard, Benjamin, Biggs, Bicker, Bright, Broderick, Brown, Cameron, Chandler, Collamer, Duren, Doutt, Douglas, Foote, Foster, Green, Gwin, Johnson, Houston, Johnson, Ark., Johnson, Jones, King, Folk, Pugh, Seward, Seward, Shields, Simonds, Shiled, Stuart, Toombs, Wright and Yulee—33.

Nays—Messrs. Bell, Clay, Crittenden, Davis, Durkee, Fessenden, Fessenden, Hale, Hamlin, Henderson, Hunter, Iverson, Kennedy, Mason, Trumbull, and Wade—17.

Absentees—Messrs. Bates, Clark, Fitch, Mallory, Pease, Reid, Summer, Thompson, Ky., Thompson, N. J., and Wilson.

On motion of Mr. Douglass, the bill to run the

boundary line of Texas, between the United States and Mexico, was taken up.

A brief report from the Committee on Foreign Affairs, announcing by which it is provided that the duty be limited to marking the boundary, without scientific resources. Bill, as amended, passed.

Mr. Gwin, of California, introduced a resolution for adjusting the difficulties with the republics of New Granada, Nicaragua, and Mexico. Mr. Gwin said that he had, in the results, adhered to the language of Mr. Mason's recent resolution respecting Paraguay. These republics have trifled with us; they have not respected the treaties made by their ministers; they have insulted our government to such an extent that this country is becoming a by-word. No wonder that the Gulf swarms with British cruisers, while we have only the Fulon, a small ferry-boat, on those waters.

The resolution was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

The Senate went into Executive Session, and subsequently adjourned.

On the 19th, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 20th, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 21st, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 22d, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 23d, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 24th, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 25th, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 26th, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 27th, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 28th, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 29th, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 30th, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 31st, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 1st, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

A message was received from the President, enclosing a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, on the subject of British aggressions in the Gulf of Mexico. Referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

On the 2d, among the memorials presented was one by Mr. Seward from citizens of New York, asking a pension for Polly Abbottson, the widow of the soldier who helped to capture Gen. Burgoyne.

Mr. Bigler, of Pennsylvania, presented a memorial from the Board of Underwriters of Philadelphia, asking for an appropriation for a breakwater on Cran-Saas, Delaware Bay.

An adverse report was presented from the Committee on Foreign Affairs against the memorials of the citizens of Maine, asking that the boundary between Maine and New Brunswick be plainly marked.

**ALTERED TONE OF PUBLIC SENTIMENT
IN ENGLAND CONCERNING FOREIGN CONQUEST.**

From the London Times, May 4.

As it is the province of a newspaper to provide us all sorts of news, we have not excluded from our columns even the dissertation upon British policy with which the *Paris Universal* has been pleased to favor its own faithful and single-minded subscribers. But the subject has really its important aspect, if intelligently viewed, and we can assure our continental readers that if they wish to know the opinions of this country about territorial conquests, acquisitions, and so forth, they may receive what follows as very near the truth indeed.

TALE OF A MERMAID.

An incident was related the other day by an old sea captain, who swore to its authenticity in the most vehement manner. He was speaking of the famine which occurred some years ago in the Azores, and other neighboring islands, and in Madeira also, and of the streets to which the inhabitants were reduced for want of food.

"You see," said he, "I was buying off Funchal with a cargo of hardware—vise shears, cultivators and such like. I called the brig Skylark from New York. Well, our provisions gin out, and I calculated to lay in a supply at Funchal, but there wasn't none there."

"What?" said we, "none?"

"No, none. The cattle had all died, consequently there wasn't no beef; sheep had all died, and wasn't no mutton; hogs all got the measles, so there wasn't no pork; chickens all eaten up by foxes, so there wasn't no fritters."

"That's rather a dismal picture," was our reply; "how did the people procure food?"

"Food! well, they kind of lived on yarbs and roots; stole mules—the only thing that didn't die—and eat them."

"How about fish—couldn't they take fish as usual?"

"Nary fish; the fish all went out o' these air latitudes. There warn't even sharks left, let alone anything worth catching."

"Why, that was strange."

"Yes; the only thing left in the harbor was mermaids, and they were nigh unto starvation, too."

"The what?" we asked in surprise.

"The mermaids! 'Can't you hear it!' yelled the captain, angry at even a hint of skepticism. "What! do you believe there are such creatures as mermaids?"

"Do I believe it? No, I don't believe it: I know it! I reckon stranger, I've seen a dozen of 'em at a time, a bunch 'em in the surf like a lot of monkeys among the riggin'!"

"Indeed! and what do they feed upon?"

"Well, I reckon, principally fish. I've seen 'em catch herring, stranger, and eat 'em up raw, as fast as a Dutch baby keet eat pickles."

"But how did they get along at the time you speak of?" we inquired, endeavoring to assume an appearance of credibility. "You said the fish had entirely disappeared."

"I did, and the poor mermaids suffered badly. Why, one night, as I was comin' down from the town to the quay where the brig's boat was tied up, I seen a fire burning on the beach. I reckoned first it was a lot of drunken sailors makin' punch. Well, I hove up towards it, and what'd you think it was?"

Of course we gave it up.

"Well, I'll tell you, and then you can see the state of starvation folks was in. Stranger," and here the captain pulled a solemn face, "it was a mermaid settin' over a fire, cookin' her own tail for supper!"

A DEPLORABLE DRUNKARD.—Some years ago, Congress numbered among its members several who were much given to a love of liquor, and were frequently seen about the streets of the metropolis "on a spree." Such conduct on the part of our law-makers didn't impress the outsiders with such an exalted opinion of M. C.'s as they once had, as the incident I am about to relate will show.

One hot, moonlight night, during a long session, a party of gentlemen, including several Members of Congress, were seated around the door of the house of a friend, trying to get cool, when an old toper, "all tattered and torn," known as Bill Scrapple, made his appearance in their midst, and asked for money to obtain a night's lodging and something to eat. The Hon. Mr. Wm., a very kind-hearted and respectable Member of the House, soon engaged Bill in conversation, and at once discovered that he was an educated man, and remarked to him:

"My friend, you appear to have seen better days; I would like to know something of your history."

Bill drew himself up, and, after a short pause, said:

"Sir, I have seen better days! My parents are well-to-do, they gave me a good education and a profession, and, at one time, my prospects in life were as bright as any man's; but, alas! sir, in an evil hour I became addicted to drink, from that moment I have been going down, down, down, until I have become an outcast, a loafer—of no account—for nothing on this earth but to be a Member of Congress!"

YANKEE TRADE.—"I calculate I couldn't drive a trade with you to-day!" said a true specimen of a Yankee pedlar, at the door of a merchant in St. Louis. "I calculate you calculate about right, for you can't," was the sneering reply.

"Well, I guess you needn't get huffy about it. Now here's a dozen real genuine razor strops, worth two dollars and a half; you may have 'em at two dollars."

"I tell you I don't want any of your trash, so you had better be going."

"Well, now, I declare I'll bet you five dollars if you make me an offer for them are strops, we'll have trade yet."

"Done!" replied the merchant, placing the money in the hands of a bystander. The Yankee deposited the like sum; when the merchant offered him a couple of cents for his strops. "They're yours," said the Yankee, as he pocketed the stakes. But he added, with apparent honesty, "I calculate a joke's a joke; and if you don't want them strops I'll trade back."

The merchant's countenance brightened as he replied—

"You're not so bad a chap, after all. Here are the strops—give me the money."

"There it is," said the Yankee, as he received the strops, and passed over the couple of cents. "A trade's a trade, and now you're wide awake in earnest. I guess the next time you trade you'll do a little better than to buy razor strops." And away he went with his strops and his wager, amid the shouts of the laughing crowd.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF HISTORY.—During the confinement of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, by the Jacobins of Paris, she was deprived of the use of the cosmetics with which she was wont to give the raven hue to her naturally silvery locks; and history, in describing her execution, represents her hair as changing from a jet black to a gray color through the mental anguish she experienced.

Miss Flanders' Visit to the *Times*—
"Miss Flanders," said the guard presentments to you, Mrs. Parkinson!" asked a comissary, as he met her at the entrance of the marquee.

"You mean the century!" said she, smiling. "I have heard so much about the tainted field, that I believe I could deplore an attachment like mine myself, and secure them as well as an officer. You asked me if the guard presented arms. He didn't, but a sweet little man with an epilepsy on his shoulder and a smile on his face, did, and asked me if I wouldn't go into a tent and smile. I told him that we could both smile as well outside, when he politely touched his chest and left me."

The comissary presented a hard wooden stool upon which she reposed herself.

"This is one of the seats of war, I suppose!" said she. "Oh, what a hard lot a soldier is subjected to! I don't wonder a mite at the hardening influence of a soldier's life. What is that for?" asked she, as the noise of a canon saluted her ear. "I hope they ain't firing on my account!" There was a solicitude in her tone as she spoke, and she was informed that it was only the Governor, who had just arrived upon the field. "Dear me!" said she, "how cruel it is to make the old gentleman come away down here, when he is so feeble he has to take his staff with him wherever he goes."

She was so affected at the idea, that she had to take a few drops of white wine to restore her equilibrium, and to counteract the dust from the "tainted field."—*Boston Post*.

A RICH PUFF.—A manufacturer and vendor of patent medicines recently wrote to a friend living out west, for a good strong recommendation of his (the manufacturer's) "Balsam." In a few days he received the following, which we call pretty strong:

"Dear Sir:—The land comprising my farm has hitherto been so poor that a Scotchman could not get a living off it, and so stony that we had to slice our potatoes and plant them edgewise; but hearing of your Balsam, I put some on a ten acre lot surrounded by a railroad fence, and in the morning I found that the rock had entirely disappeared, a neat stone wall encircled the field, and the rails were split into oven wood, and piled up systematically in my back yard.

"I put half an ounce into the middle of a huckleberry swamp—in two days it was cleared off, planted with corn and pumpkins, and a row of peach trees in full blossom through the middle."

"As an evidence of its tremendous strength, I would say that it drew a striking likeness of my eldest son out of a mill pond, drew a blister all over his stomach, drew a load of potatoes four miles to market, and eventually drew a prize of ninety-seven dollars in a lottery."

A JOKING PARSON.—The Rev. Mr. Peters, of Tennessee, was preaching, and having a large gift of contumacious, was somewhat protracted in his discourse. Several of his hearers left in the midst of the sermon. One young man was on his way to the door, when Mr. Peters pointed his long finger at him, and said:—

"Brethren, that young man has just as good right to go out as any one."

It is needless to say that he was the last deserter.

At another time, when Mr. Peters was preaching, a young man started to leave the house, and making some noise as he went, Mr. Peters paused and said:—

"I will finish my discourse when that young man gets out."

The fellow very coolly took his seat, and said:—

"Then it will be some time before you get through."

The preacher, however, was up to him; and remarking, "a bad promise is better broken than kept," went on with his sermon.

THE POLITICIAN'S SUBSTITUTE.—When Colonel F—— was a candidate for Congress, in one of the North Western States, he was opposed by a gentleman who had distinguished himself in the war of 1812. Discovering, in the course of the canvas, that his opponent's military reputation was operating strongly to his disadvantage, he concluded to let the people know that he was not unknown to fame as a soldier himself; and accordingly, in his next speech, he expatiated on his achievements in the tented field as follows:—

"My competitor has told you of the services he rendered the country in the last war. Let me tell you that I, too, acted an humble part in that memorable contest. When the crisis of war summoned the chivalry of the West to rally to the defence of the national honor, I, fellow citizens, animated by that patriotic spirit which glows in every American bosom, hired a substitute for that war, and the bones of that man now lie bleaching on the banks of the Raisin!"

NO WASHINGTON.—A friend of ours tells the following story of himself: When young, he had read the well-known story of George Washington's love of truth, and the father's love of the noble principle of his son, well manifested on the occasion referred to, of George's cutting down the cherry tree, acknowledging his transgression, and receiving a full and free pardon, besides praise and kind caresses from his father. So Jim, actuated by so noble an example, thought he would try the experiment on. He supplied himself with a hatchet, and going into his father's orchard, cut down some choice fruit trees. He then coolly sat down to await the old man's coming, and as soon as he made his appearance, marched up to him with a very important air, and acknowledged the deed, expecting the next thing on the programme to be tears, benediction, and embraces from the offended parent. But sad to relate, instead of this, the old gentleman caught up a hickory and gave him an all-fired laming. Jim was no Washington.

THE UNCERTAINTIES OF HISTORY.—During the confinement of Marie Antoinette, the Queen of France, by the Jacobins of Paris, she was deprived of the use of the cosmetics with which she was wont to give the raven hue to her naturally silvery locks; and history, in describing her execution, represents her hair as changing from a jet black to a gray color through the mental anguish she experienced.

THE CUT WORM.—Last year I had a field of corn much injured by their depredations, and tried this experiment. I obtained a number of pieces of the common elder, about a foot long, and distributed them over the field two or three yards apart in every third row. On examining the elder branches every morning, I found numbers of worms collected under them; in some instances as many as fifteen or twenty; when they were easily destroyed. The elder seemed to have the property of attracting them." As this is a simple remedy, and the time is now at hand for planting corn, it is worthy a trial.—*Germaneto Telegraph*.



THE GREAT TOBACCO CONTROVERSY.

CLARA (emphatically).—"I don't care what you say, Frank—I shall always think it a nasty, odious, dirty, filthy, disgusting, and most objectionable habit!"

FRANK (who is just preparing to light a moderately good-sized cigar).—"Haw! Now I'm really surprised, Clara, to hear such a clever girl as you are running down smoking in such strong language—for it's admitted by all sensible people, you know, that it's the abuse of tobacco that's wrong!" [Clara glances at the huge cigar, but says nothing further.]

Agricultural.

A CHAPTER FOR THE SEASON
ON PRUNING.

This operation is practiced for various purposes, principally the following: Promoting growth and bulk; lessening bulk; modifying form; promoting the formation of blossom-buds; enlarging fruit; adjusting the stem and branches to the roots; renewal of decayed plants or trees; and the removal or cure of diseases. It proceeds upon the physiological principle that if you remove a portion of the tree, the remaining portion will be favorably affected by it. The particular mode of the operation, and the time, will depend upon the object had in view.

Pruning, to promote the growth of the tree, is the simplest and first object, and is performed by the removal of all the weaker laterals, that the sap destined for their nourishment may be thrown into the stronger ones. The shortening in method proceeds on the same principle, cutting out the weaker twigs and removing from one-fourth to one-third of the former year's growth.

Pruning, for lessening bulk, is chiefly employed by nurserymen, to keep unsoiled trees of saleable size, and is performed by heading down.

Pruning, for giving form to the tree.—Every tree has a type or form of its own, and every species and variety of species has also its typical structure and form. These natural forms should ever be consulted and kept in the eye of the gardener or cultivator, it being seldom desirable to alter these essentially by pruning, but to modify and promote, as far as possible, the natural symmetry. In such case superfluous branches are to be cut off, and those that would tend to mar the regularity of form, either removed entirely or brought into shape.

In pruning, to form standards, the first thing, upon receiving your trees from the nursery, is to decide whether you will cultivate with a tall or short stem; and the next, how you would form or modify its head remembering constantly that whatever shape it has a tendency to assume, that shape must not be counteracted by the pruner.

The points of the external branches—especially for standard trees—should everywhere be rendered thin and pervious to the light, so that the internal parts of the tree may not be wholly shaded by the external; the light should readily pervade the top. Large branches should rarely be lopped off, disturbing, as it does, the balance of the flow of sap and causing a wilderness of water-sprouts to take their place, thus leaving scars not readily healed, often causing the speedy decay of the tree. When such pruning is found necessary, from previous neglect to prune, the cut—which must be made as smooth as possible—should be covered with composition, such as is used in grafting, to keep out the water.

Root-pruning should be performed in autumn or winter. This whole subject is one requiring, in its skillful execution, judgment and experience—and we see, wherever we turn, the sad effects of injudicious pruning. Ignorant cultivators frequently weaken the energies of young trees, causing them to grow up with lean and slender stems, by injudiciously trimming off the young side-shoots and leaves in the growing season.

Summer-pruning consists in pinching the extremities and the rubbing off of buds soon after the leaves are developed, to be continued during the summer, and to a certain extent is guided by the same general rules before stated. Summer-pruning is chiefly applicable to fruit-trees, and when wisely conducted, will not extend farther than may be necessary for a proper equilibrium among the branches, thus preventing gourmands and water-shoots from robbing the fruit of due nourishment.

Root-pruning should be performed in autumn or winter. This whole subject is one requiring, in its skillful execution, judgment and experience—and we see, wherever we turn, the sad effects of injudicious pruning. Ignorant cultivators frequently weaken the energies of young trees, causing them to grow up with lean and slender stems, by injudiciously trimming off the young side-shoots and leaves in the growing season.

Pruning, to promote the formation of blossom-buds, depends much on the nature of the tree. The peach, for example, produces its blossom on the preceding year's wood; consequently, in pruning the peach, your object must be to have a regular distribution of the young wood over every part of it. This nature adjusts better than art, and all the pruner can do is to observe in his pruning the natural development, and act accordingly.

In the present enfeebled condition of the peach, from the attack of the worm, it should be shortened-in-year from one-third to one-half of its new wood, in order to give vigor and fruitfulness.

In apples, pears, plums, cherries and quinces, the blossoms are chiefly produced on short protuberances or spurs, formed along the sides of the shoots. In these, to promote healthy fruiting, it is necessary to cut out the weaker branches, and often to shorten the extremities of the stronger.

Pruning, for adjusting the stem and branches to the root, is applicable chiefly to transplanted trees, and is an important and essential operation.

* A good composition for wounds in pruning is made as follows: Take a quart of alcohol, and dissolve it in as much gum shellac as will make a liquid of the consistency of paint; apply with a common painter's brush.

HO CHOLERA, OR EBRYSIPELAS.—In view of the results of some experiments which have been made in this State on hogs, and in Europe on cattle, we would advise farmers, on the first appearance of the disease, to make use of muriatic acid, arsenic, or the sulphate of iron as a preventive. Of the muriatic acid, a full grown hog should get about fifteen drops, largely diluted with water, daily; or one-twentieth of a grain of arsenic twice a day; or five grains of the sulphate of iron twice a day. These means, with careful and distant separation of the diseased from the healthy animals (an imperative duty) have proved very serviceable in preventing the spread of murrain in cattle, and, as far as they have been tried, equally efficacious in arresting the epidemic among hogs.—*Louisville Journal*.

THE CUT WORM.—Last year I had a field of corn much injured by their depredations, and tried this experiment. I obtained a number of pieces of the common elder, about a foot long, and distributed them over the field two or three yards apart in every third row. On examining the elder branches every morning, I found numbers of worms collected under them; in some instances as many as fifteen or twenty; when they were easily destroyed. The elder seemed to have the property of attracting them." As this is a simple remedy, and the time is now at hand for planting corn, it is worthy a trial.—*Germaneto Telegraph*.

TO CONVERT BONES INTO MANURE.—First break the bones as finely as you can. Then it can be done by covering them six or eight inches thick with unleashed manure, but the process will be slow one. Take one part sulphuric acid, and five parts water, and mix the bones with it. If it does not form a sort of paste in a few days, add a little more acid. The acid is an excellent manure, and costs about three cents a pound, and is a liquid dangerous to handle, and must be used with care.

—N. E. Farmer.

BLACKBIRDS, CROWS, &c.—Put a bushel of corn in a basket: pour a pailful of hot water on it—let it drain off, then take your tar padoule out of the tar and wipe of all you can conveniently, and stir the hot corn. Mix a small quantity of plaster—enough to dry the corn—and that is sufficient. Too much tar has often spoiled the seed to my knowledge, and the least possible amount is sufficient. Crows do not like it.

BLACKBIRDS, CROWS, &c.—Put a bushel of corn in a basket: pour a pailful of hot water on it—let it drain off, then take your tar padoule out of the tar and wipe of all you can conveniently, and stir the hot corn. Mix a small quantity of plaster—enough to dry the corn—and that is sufficient. Too much tar has often spoiled the seed to my knowledge, and the least possible amount is sufficient. Crows do not like it.

BLACKBIRDS, CROWS, &c.—Put a bushel of corn in a basket: pour a pailful of hot water on it—let it drain off, then take your tar padoule out of the tar and wipe of all you can conveniently, and stir the hot corn. Mix a small quantity of plaster—enough to dry the corn—and that is sufficient. Too much tar has often spoiled the seed to my knowledge, and the least possible amount is sufficient. Crows do not like it.

<p